LOOKING FORWARD

MR. CHESTERTON, the English novelist, back in London from a trip to parts of America, explained the other day that neither what he said about us while here nor what he said on the same subject after he got home was quite what he meant on either occasion. On the contrary, the real truth had escaped him at both efforts so that a third attempt to catch it became necessary.

OF OUR VILLAGES, said he on his latest attempt: "What the puritan would not do for religion and romance he did for trade and he plastered the whole thing with bright colors. But having forgotten how to do it, with only a rickety framework he produced the jarring effect of a frail village, overloaded with clamorous signs." On the subject of drinking, he said: "I saw a vast amount of drinking one way or another, and I could have seen a vast amount more if I had really been a roaring alcholic. But I could see from people's conversation that it would be as easy as anything to drink yourself to death in any of the American cities. Of the villages I can only testify that most nice, orderly people brew something of their own. The people I stayed with were respectable in every American sense of the word, Republican in politics, mildly broad-minded puritans in religion. 'We brew something in our house to drink,' they said, 'and most people do.' " "What I do not want," he said, "is for any one to suppose that I came straight away from America and abused it. Such is not the case."

OBVIOUSLY what happened to Mr. Chesterton is very simple. Himself a master of paradox, he came to this country only to be confronted with a paradox so gigantic as to dwarf anything he had ever thought of himself. Did the talk among drys turn to the glories of prohibition, why, the subject was promptly discussed over a glass of home-brew or California concentrate wine. Likewise did the talk among wets turn to the menace of racketeering, why, a dozen bottles of beer were forthwith ordered from the nearest beer runner. What could a maker of paradox say about a country where such a prejudice as that which makes Mr. Shaw an individual in England—teetotalism—is the very law of the land? What could such a man say of our efforts to further home consumption and foreign trade by high tariffs, calculated to raise prices at home and irritate customers abroad?

AT THE PRESENT MOMENT conditions in the United States constitute a sequel to *Alice in Wonderland*. They are a book which Mr. Chesterton himself should have written. No wonder he has contradicted himself in trying to describe them. You cannot criticize such a book from the standpoint of common-sense. All you can do is to enjoy it.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

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Next Week in the Outlook

Wealth Rises to the Top. By Harold Brayman.

An analysis of big incomes since 1921 shows 1 per cent. of the total of income tax payers accounting for one-fourth of the total income. Why Senator Norris attacks this as dangerous concentration of wealth.

When a Woman Shopper Travels. By T. R. Ybarra.

A woman tourist, says this once confirmed bachelor, sees nothing and buys everything, or at least bargains for everything.

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.

The sixth installment of this serial tells of the political pots kept boiling for the wayward Carol and asks the question, "Who or what killed Jonel Bratianu?"

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THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

May 13, 1931

Trend of the Week

Course on Prohibition

IT SHOULD BE a comparatively simple matter for Ohio Wesleyan University to draw up a program for that course it will offer on prohibition. Presumably it will have the customary tri-weekly lectures, by such men and women as Bishop Cannon, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, George W. Wickersham, Ella Boole, F. Scott McBride, Mrs. Peabody, Dr. Clarence True Wilson and Al Capone. Nor need the faculty worry over subjects for the lectures; they will naturally deal with hijacking, liquor-smuggling, government aid to wine-grape growers, machine-gunning, beer-needling, pussyfooting politicians, drinking dry Congressmen, bargain days in congested courts, contempt for law, United States Senators who smell and tell, protection money for police and gangsters, pineappling, check-reining the medical profession, scrapping the Bill of Rights, fanatical dry lobbyists, the dry report of the Wickersham wets, five-and-ten laws, deaths from poison alcohol, life-for-a-pint sentences, corrupt public officials, illicit distilling (with use of map reproduced on next page), blind-pig-keeping, ginger jake, straddling party platforms, boozy high-school students, hypocrisy and bathtub-gin. If any difficulty arises it will probably arise from the popularity of the course and the consequent difficulty in finding a lecture-hall large enough to seat all the students. Might it not be in order to suggest, therefore, that classes be held in the nearest speakeasy.

Pot and Kettle

WITH the fiscal year drawing to an end and the federal deficit mounting beyond the 800-million-dollar mark, champions of Congress and champions of the Administration are playing the ancient game of shifting the blame and passing the buck. Thus Senator Borah roared onto the front pages of April 30 with the assertion that the responsibility for heavy government expenditure lies with the Executive department rather than with the Legislative. To take his word for it, Congress is a convention of skinflints, whereas the President lights his cigars with hundred-dollar bills.

Mr. Borah having closed with the statement that during the past ten years Congress had reduced budget estimates by $414,000,000, up comes Chairman Wood of the House Appropriations Committee, batting for Mr. Hoover. To take Mr. Wood's word for it, Congressmen are so many drunken sailors, while the President is for economy first, last and all the time, as was indicated when he rejected the recent soldiers' bonus bill which Congress promptly passed over his veto, thereby touching the Treasury for approximately a billion dollars.

Twice as much as Congress had saved in paring down the Executive budget, said Mr. Wood, calmly ignoring the fact that Mr. Hoover's Farm Board has already absorbed an appropriation of $500,000,000. And that's the way it goes, pot calling kettle black, kettle crying "You're another," and the rest of us who foot the bills expected to take it seriously.

Uncle Sam's Birthplace

THE city of Troy, New York, asserts that the original "Uncle Sam" was its very own and will ask the Federal Government to recognize the fact. The story is that one Samuel Wilson, a sparely-built, dignified Trojan in the slaughter-house business, was given a contract to supply beef and pork to the army during the War of 1812. Every one knew him as "Uncle Sam." Hence, when Mr. Wilson packed up his consignments in barrels and casks, he marked them "U. S." rather than "S. W." Troy men stationed at the army camps recognized the initials and soon everything marked "U. S." became known as "Uncle Sam's." The term caught on and the rest is history—history made largely by cartoonists, whose classic figure of Uncle Sam in striped trousers, frock coat and tall hat is by now so completely representative of the United States in the popular mind that scarcely any one had thought of establishing its origin until Troy brought the matter up.

Since Uncle Sam would certainly have to be invented if he did not exist, Troy should have all honor for producing him. However, once the city has had its exclusive claim to Uncle Sam officially recognized, it will have to look after the old gentleman. He has been ailing lately, Troy may have noticed. He finds it harder to get along with people and he has so much to worry about that it's all you can do to get a civil word out of him. It's up to Troy to restore Uncle Sam to his one-time health and vigor. The way to begin is to give him something for that sharp, shooting pain in the pocket-book.

Rural Racketeering

FRANKENSTEIN has been playing hob in Greene County, New York, and in many other rural counties throughout the country. Greene County, in the Catskill region, is politically dry, and regularly sends drys to represent it at Albany and Washington. The argument that prohibition is encouraging organized crime had never made much impression on Greene County, which had its law, had its liquor—there are about fifty speakeasies in one of its towns with 9,000 inhabitants—and until recently never thought much about racketeers one way or another.

Then Jack ("Legs") Diamond of the New York underworld appeared with his boys, set up housekeeping in the little town of Acra and began to do business. Just how much and just what

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kinds of business will become clear during the course of the present investigation and prosecution by the state's Attorney General, who has been ordered by Governor Roosevelt to tear the Diamond gang out of Greene County by the roots. Evidently it involved the customary effort to control the liquor traffic and branch out from that to extortion rackets directed against legitimate business. With the Diamond gang there came, of course, the familiar terrorization of the community and the conventional crimes of violence, the last of which sent Diamond himself, badly wounded, to a hospital.

Since prohibition is a product of the country districts, and the modern racketeer a product of prohibition, there is a certain poetic justice in Diamond's invasion of Greene County. But farmers in general might still be safe if there were only one Greene County. Unfortunately, rural areas similarly infested are developing within motoring distance of many large American cities and their number will grow while prohibition lasts. In fact, there seems to be a definite back-to-the-land movement among urban racketeers. It is hard to work up much sympathy for their rural victims, who, after all, are being injured only by a monster of their own making and who, so far, have got but a brief taste of what city residents have been getting in enormous doses. As the racketeer descends upon his homestead, the farmer may begin to realize why city men are so determined that the prohibition experiment must be ended.

▶▶*Junking War Relics*

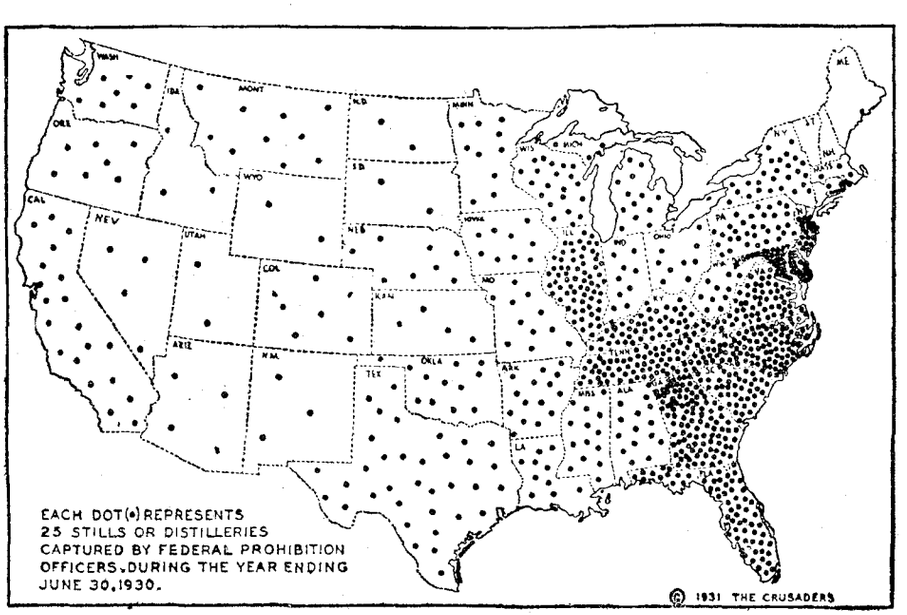
On April 28, at Akron, Ohio, Judge Walter B. Wanamaker of Common Pleas Court became the man-of-the-month by holding that state's criminal syndicalism law unconstitutional. The occasion for this decision was made to order when Paul F. Kassay, a Hungarian who has been in the United States since 1921, was brought into court under an indictment charging him with violating the syndicalism law by "verbally justifying" an alleged, but unproved, plot to ruin the dirigible Akron which he was helping to build for the United States Navy. The indictment charged that Kassay had revealed the plot to a Department of Justice agent but did not charge that any damage had been done. With Kassay denying that he planned to do any damage and with the case smelling a bit fishy—as we said when Kassay was arrested on March 19—Judge Wanamaker dismissed the indictment and ruled against the law, declaring that "mere talk, in and of itself alone, unattendant with evil consequences that might reasonably be expected to flow therefrom, cannot be made by law a crime in Ohio."

Judge Wanamaker's decision is now to be weighed by the State Supreme Court, according to the plan of Kassay's prosecutors. If the court holds that the law conflicts with the state constitution the decision will be valuable as another step away from war-time hysteria back to pre-war freedom of speech. The Ohio law, like those in many other states, is a survival of war legislation, though of late years it has been twisted to harass Communists and those, like Kassay himself, who have been suspected of being Communists or "radicals" in general. To invalidate such laws is merely to junk restrictive relics of the war—in which, incidentally, we are informed that Judge Wanamaker was the first American aviator shot down behind German lines. The laws themselves are as out of place on the statute books as a service uniform on a judge.

▶▶*Stranger Truth*

In *As You Desire Me,* Luigi Pirandello's play on Broadway, Judith Anderson has the part of a Berlin cabaret dancer who, seen by the friend of an Italian whose wife disappeared ten years before, is brought to Milan and welcomed as the missing wife by the husband himself. Day by day, bit by bit, Miss Anderson appears to remember the forgotten past and to reconstruct herself as the wife, only to be confronted in the last act by another woman pushed forward as the wife, a pitiful person from a lunatic asylum. Thereupon Miss Anderson discloses how she used a supposedly lost diary to prod her supposedly lost memory and astounds the husband and his family by emphasizing the evidence for the other woman and, as the curtain falls, by leaving the home. Needless to say, many persons leave the theatre convinced that Pirandello's play and Miss Anderson's acting were realistic enough for the stage but not convinced that in actual life a husband could mistake another woman for his wife.

If the drama seems to overemphasize how reality, or truth, is mistaken for illusion, and vice versa, one has only to turn to the news stories of May 1. There, in a dispatch from Florence, is the climax of the celebrated incident from which Pirandello's play was derived. Professor Giulio Canella of Verona was listed as lost during the war. Yet in 1926, when his wife had abandoned hope for his return, published photographs of an unidentified man suffering from amnesia led her to note the resemblance to Canella and to welcome him home as the missing husband. Gradually he recognized Signora Canella as his wife, only to find that he was being claimed as the husband of one Signora Bruneri. Backed by Signora Canella and her family, he continued to maintain that he was Canella after the courts had ruled that he was Bruneri,



LAND OF THE STILL
Map prepared by the Crusaders from annual report of the Prohibition Commissioner

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the decision which was upheld on May 1 by the Court of Appeals at Florence.

How is one to react to this story? Is

Underwood

IN THE DAYS WHEN
Albert B. Fall, photographed when Secretary of the Interior

he to wonder with Pilate—and with Pirandello—"What is truth?" or is he to conclude sourly—and perhaps too cocksurely—that Bruneri was simply a deranged person posing as Canella to escape the police, who charge that Bruneri committed the mad offense of stealing a tombstone from a cemetery?

▸▸*Fall Gives Up*

When Albert B. Fall stood trial in 1929 for accepting a bribe from Edward L. Doheny in the infamous Elk Hills oil lease incident, Prosecutor Owen J. Roberts, now on the Supreme Court bench, told the jury that there were four things to be remembered. "One is that Doheny wanted the lease of the Elk Hills," he said. "The second is, Fall wanted money. The third is, Doheny got the lease, and the fourth is, Fall got the money." Thus, Albert B. Fall, Harding's Secretary of the Interior, became the first American cabinet member to be convicted by a jury for a felony committed while in office. He was sentenced to spend a year in jail and pay a fine of $100,000. Early last April his conviction was upheld by the Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia.

Now that Fall has abandoned his plan to appeal to the United States Supreme Court, what is there to be remembered about this case? That Doheny was found innocent in 1930 of giving a bribe which Fall, a few months before, was found guilty of receiving? That the Elk Hills and Teapot Dome oil reserves leased by the Doheny and Sinclair corporations were recovered by the Government through civil suits, though Fall, Doheny and Sinclair were acquitted of charges of conspiring to defraud the Government? That the Secretary of Interior discreetly declined to appeal to the highest court, presided over by one of his fellow cabinet officers who was appointed by another? All these are facts, worth remembering perhaps, but paste this one in your hat: the oil scandals provided strong and discouraging evidence that corruption in high places no longer moves the American electorate.

▸▸*Roosevelt vs. Hoover*

That Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York has plenty of fighting spirit and will conduct an aggressive campaign if nominated to oppose Mr. Hoover in 1932 became clear in the speech he prepared for delivery before the New York Young Democratic Club on April 30. It was a partisan speech before a partisan club, and as such would have attracted little attention had not Governor Roosevelt gone out of his way to lambaste the Hoover Administration. "From the conservative and reactionary party now in power at Washington," he said, "from the timid councils of the aged, from the selfish grasping of the powerful few who control actions from behind the scenes, the people all over these United States are looking to our party to lead them into the broad road that leads to the real democracy of which our forefathers dreamt, to the real government of the people, by the people and for the people which Lincoln pleaded for, but which his party has since filed in the archives of their past, only to be dragged out and quoted for campaign speeches and Memorial Day addresses."

Discount the oratorical bologna in that sentence, and what have we? We have an invitation to President Hoover to come into the arena and defend his generally reactionary policy against the generally progressive policy that has marked the government of New York State under Smith and Roosevelt. Will Mr. Hoover take up the cudgels in his own defense? Not now, probably, for as yet it is not certain that Mr. Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee. However, as the weeks go by it seems more and more likely that he will be. His attack on the present Administration in his April 30 speech, therefore, is interesting as indicating the probable spirit and direction of his campaign against Mr. Hoover next year.

▸▸*Ungrateful Laymen*

What great spiritual truth has Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, ever rephrased for this generation? A silly question, of course. Merely to ask it is to answer it. People do not expect Bishop Cannon to go in for spiritual stuff. They expect him to go in for business and politics. Bishop Cannon is a practical man, hard-headed, hard-boiled, aggressive and shrewd, as any one who has ever crossed swords with him will testify. High-powered executive and organizer, he is just the man to solicit political contributions, bulldoze a Senate committee, play the stock market, bring wayward legislators into line and conduct campaigns for the votes of Kluxers and yokels. Even if the private life of such a man were not as spotless as one assumes Bishop Cannon's to be, it would make comparatively little difference. You can't have everything in one person.

What, then, is the point of all this mumbling and grumbling against Bishop Cannon among laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South? What was the point of that general petition they sent to the meeting of the College of Bishops at Nashville? The Cannon case, said these petitioners, "is doing the church

Keystone

ATTACKED AGAIN
Bishop James Cannon, Jr., whose retirement is urged by Methodist laymen

untold harm." While reports that gravely reflect on the Bishop's moral character have been published, "he has made

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no public statement that would vindicate himself or that would relieve the church of the embarrassment which she suffers by reason of the fact that he is one of her Bishops." The least that could be asked of Bishop Cannon, they declared, "is that for the good and peace of the church he resign his office."

In the name of common sense, what do they expect the Bishop to be and to do? Do they expect him to be Richelieu and Saint Francis of Assisi at the same time? After all, what is Bishop Cannon but a spearhead, a symbol and a servant of the movement within his church away from spiritual teaching toward political action? In a very real sense, he is but the creature of these same Methodist laymen who now want him ditched. Such a man was needed if their ideals were to be forced upon the country as they desired, needed if Smith were to be defeated and Volsteadism defended, and so such a man was forthcoming. What are the laymen kicking about? Hasn't the Bishop delivered the goods?

▶▶*Following our Example*

Americans, accustomed to abuse from Europe, may have been somewhat startled on April 29 when their radios brought them a flattering address from Alcala Zamora, Provisional President of the new Spanish republic. President Zamora drew an interesting parallel between Spain and the United States. The overthrow of the Spanish monarchy on April 14, he said, should not have surprised the United States, which "went through the same experience in 1776 that we underwent a few weeks ago .... We had before our eyes the example of the great North American Republic. We wish to follow it closely."

The United States, however, set a poor example in the years immediately after 1776 and the fact that Spain is following it closely is precisely what's wrong. It is schoolboy knowledge that the principal problem of this country was to establish a satisfactory relation between the states and the central government, that this problem made the post-revolutionary government under the Articles of Confederation so unsatisfactory that our present form of government was devised and declared in effect in 1789, and that the problem finally culminated in the Civil War. Nor has it been completely settled even now. The similar problem in Spain arises from the desire for autonomous republics in Catalonia and the Basque provinces. Although the demands for absolute freedom have been largely withdrawn, the problem is by no means over. For instance, the new government in Catalonia now favors the creation of a federal republic in Spain with considerable autonomy for the provinces, while the other provinces—the Basque excepted—favor a republic in which provincial lines would mean comparatively little. In view of this sharp division, with the Catalan government seeking every possible advantage, officials at Madrid are having no easy time, as is evidenced by rumors that they may defer until fall the constitutional elections planned for this month. Whether the elections are deferred or not, it is going to be difficult for Spain to write a constitution which settles the problem of relating the provinces to the central government. Spaniards are finding, as did the early Americans, that it is easier to overthrow a government that does not satisfy them than to set up one that does.

Underwood

YOU'VE SEEN HER BEFORE
Well-known Hollywood actress as she appeared in "The Taming of the Shrew"

▶▶*Pickford and Posterity*

Mary Pickford is buying up her old films, destroying them, and arranging in her will to have destroyed any films which may still be in existence after her death. She believes that motion pictures today are in a crude state and will be laughable in twenty years; she does not want posterity to laugh at her.

Most people, except perhaps the young, will be able to sympathize with Miss Pickford. This is not a matter of temperament or fame but simply of reaching a certain age. There comes a time, even to the more obscure of us, when the old photographs, dance tunes, diaries and relics of once-fashionable clothing lose their power to charm by their quaintness or to beguile by their remembered associations. There comes the day when you slip the old snapshot album out of sight, dreading the thought of a supercilious Younger Generation bending over the pages with squeals of, "Oh, look; doesn't Uncle Ed's hat look too *funny!*" These are the days when men buy too-gaudy neckties and order healthy luncheons and women assent recklessly to the suggestions of the beauty parlor operator. They are the days—this, of course, does not apply to Miss Pickford, but to those of us for whom, unlike the fortunate denizens of Hollywood, time does not stand still—they are the days known as Approaching Forty.

It is understandable, then, that Miss Pickford should wish to destroy her old pictures. But is it necessary? Cinema art, so far, is not for posterity, partly because motion picture technique is still in the experimental stage, but principally because the average screen drama (like the snapshot album) reflects merely the surface of life in the year in which it was made, and, except for the names of the stars and the cut of their clothing, is in no way genuine or unique. Our grandchildren will watch different stars going through approximately the same dramatic situations just as they will have some sort of equivalent for the snapshot album. Posterity will not laugh at Miss Pickford and the rest of America's cinema sweethearts. Posterity will not even be looking.

▶▶*Apostasy in High Places*

In essence, the story of the Atlantic City convention of the United States Chamber of Commerce was the story of high priests who had lost faith in their God. If anything protruded from the speeches and resolutions, it was that business, perplexed and dispirited by the depression, had no faith in the myth of Republican prosperity and the Chamber of Commerce no conviction that a three-car garage nestled at the

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foot of that political rainbow.

The heresy of the once devout was evident at every hand. The speeches on the whole came like the voices of men in the wilderness who, lacking the ancient legend, had neither the cloud to guide them by day nor the pillar of fire by night. Thus, the resolutions of the chamber—somewhat vague and befuddled though they were—had the common note of insistence that government get out of the way. Thus Chairman Julius H. Barnes, intimate of Hoover and highest of the high priests, scored politicians for leading business into a hole, attributed the world's economic plight to "political violation of business judgment" and pled for an end to the plague of "legislative panaceas."

The import of all this may be judged by the Republican reactions on the Potomac. Mr. Barnes was practically excommunicated by official Washington for doubting the efficacy of high tariffs. By such senatorial stalwarts as Smoot, Watson and Bingham his name was cast to the swine, his doctrine termed evil and godless. The chorus of hallelujahs which was forthcoming from the Democrats was final evidence of the passing of the Republican prosperity legend as far as the Chamber of Commerce is concerned—and that is very far indeed.

▶▶*Those Walker Charges*

WHEN Governor Roosevelt dismissed the petition of the New York City Affairs Committee for the investigation and removal of Mayor Walker, he apparently displeased no one but the members of the City Affairs Committee. It is significant that both of New York's leading Republican newspapers, the *Herald Tribune* and the *Evening Post,* approved of this action by a Democratic Governor in regard to a Democratic Mayor. "The decision of the Governor was the common sense of the situation," said the *Evening Post.* The charges against Mayor Walker, said the *Herald Tribune,* "were obviously too general to constitute grounds for the removal or even justify investigation."

International

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN
The urbane James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City

Governor Roosevelt did not reject the charges of the City Affairs Committee out of hand, as the *Herald Tribune* believes he might well have done. Instead, he asked Mayor Walker for a reply, which, despite its weaknesses, certainly did not make the case against him look any stronger by comparison. The facts are that the City Affairs Committee built up no case worthy of the name and that it was not only Governor Roosevelt's right but his duty to toss the charges overboard. Whether or not a stronger case can be developed against Mayor Walker will soon be seen. Hasty headline-readers should not assume that New York City will escape further investigation now that the charges against the Mayor have been dismissed. As a matter of fact, every nook and cranny of the city's government will soon be examined by a committee of the Republican-controlled New York State Legislature. With the able and impartial Samuel Seabury as counsel—that is to say, as head of the committee—the inquiry will undoubtedly be thorough. If there is any evidence of corruption or incompetence on the part of any figure in New York City's government, Judge Seabury can be depended upon to bring it to light.

▶▶*The Scramble at Reno*

THERE is only one reason for the divorce mill now working overtime at Reno. That is the fact that divorce laws outside Nevada are generally too strict, in some states so strict as flagrantly to defy and misrepresent the customs of the people. Only twenty per cent of those divorced in Nevada are natives.

These facts should have been in the back of your mind when you read with distaste of the recent scramble at Reno as Nevada's new six-weeks residence law went into effect—with hundreds of suits filed on a single day, at the rate of one every two minutes; with uncontested cases heard and settled in ten minutes, at the rate of six an hour, and with court rooms crowded with women wearing colored glasses which simultaneously mark them as members of the divorce colony, make it difficult for prying photographers to get good pictures and act as a password at local speakeasies. It is all very undignified and sordid, this Ford-conveyor divorce mill at Reno. But don't blame Nevada, which is simply trying to cash in on the difference between tight divorce laws and loose divorce customs elsewhere. Blame the hypocrisy of your own state laws, and blame yourself if you have made no effort to bring these laws into line with the customs of your neighbors.

Wide World

TILTS AT TARIFF
Julius H. Barnes of the United States Chamber of Commerce

In effect the Nevada divorce law is a form of class legislation, permitting people in other states who can afford it to obtain at a price what they cannot obtain, or cannot obtain without difficulty, at home. It is not without significance that the first divorce granted under the new six-weeks clause went to a resident of New York State. Since New York divorce laws are extraordinarily backward, one would expect to find an extraordinary number of New Yorkers in Reno. Let the laws of New York and other states be brought up to date and Reno will be no more important than any other city with 18,000 inhabitants.

▶▶*Against Hawley-Smootism*

THESE are dark days for President Hoover, Senators Watson and Smoot and all other apologists for the tariff law hung around the neck of the country in June, 1930. For the Hawley-

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Smoot law, long under attack by economists, foreign governments, the independent press and American business men interested in foreign markets, is now being assailed in the house of its friends.

First Representative Snell, hard-shell Republican from up-state New York, hints that the glories of protection can be overemphasized. Then President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad names tariff walls among the fundamentals which must be corrected before we can be put on a sound foundation. Finally, Julius Barnes, chairman of the board of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in an otherwise undistinguished address, advised the government to "establish tariff schedules on economic principles, facilitating international trade, with only due protection to our higher wage scales and living standards."

None of these statements is a very strong attack on the Hawley-Smoot law. None is as strong as it should be. But each is a blow in the right direction. What was clear to some business men before the tariff law was passed is now becoming clear to business men in general. No sensible person says that the tariff law is anything more than a minor cause of our depression, but many are saying that it is a major cause of our failure to climb out of the depression. The more frequently this is said the better. Business men who realize that the law is an obstacle to our search for foreign markets, who realize that our tariff walls must gradually be lowered, should voice their opinions loudly and often.

Such an outpouring of sentiment would have both immediate and distant practical effects. It would tend to keep President Hoover and the Tariff Commissioners—who have the power to raise or lower specific duties—from jacking up rates any further. It might even persuade them to lower more rates than they otherwise would. Again, it might stimulate Congress to make some rate changes in the session which convenes in December. Finally, it might help to make the next Republican national platform less complacent about skyscraper duties and might encourage the Democratic party to make lower tariffs an issue in 1932.

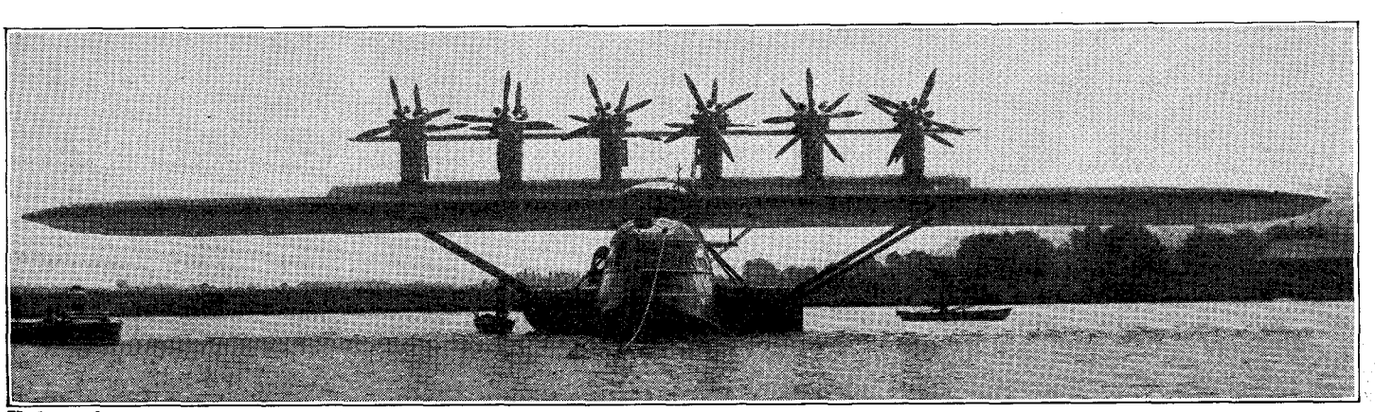
▶▶*Not on the Agenda*

THOUGH HE GOT OFF to a fairly good start in his speech before the International Chamber of Commerce, President Hoover came through with what was tantamount to a talk about the weather. At the outset he observed that the delegates—more than a thousand from thirty-five countries—had come to Washington at a time of grave responsibilities at home to participate in discussions of world-wide economic problems and the economic relations between nations, whose high degree of economic interdependence required no more emphatic demonstration than the present world-wide depression. With that introduction Mr. Hoover was off on the right track. The trouble was, he jumped off it before getting to the practical economic problems before the chamber, such as war debts and reparations, tariffs and Russian trade, the gold problem and silver stabilization. With a speech thereafter confined to war and peace and a plea for disarmament, Mr. Hoover resembled a runner who leaves a quarter-mile race in Madison Square Garden for a solitary stroll into the countryside.

A talk on disarmament, like a walk among the flowers, can be good enough in its place, but it was completely irrelevant before the International Chamber of Commerce. Here were men who sought to grapple with problems of immediate concern. Any one of them would readily admit Mr. Hoover's thesis that war had placed a heavy burden upon governments and that disarmament was much to be desired. What they wanted, however, was not platitudes about Utopia but practical discussion of the immediate situation and how it could be remedied. They wanted, specifically, to determine what could be done about war debts and reparations, what about the silver problem which has stripped country after country of buying power. These were some of the problems on the agenda at Washington. They were specific, practical problems on whose solution the delegates could bring considerable influence. Yet Mr. Hoover flatly ignored them and delivered a speech on disarmament which might just as well not have been delivered at all.

▶▶*The Jinxed DO-X*

THE DO-X, world's largest flying boat, is evidently out to take the record for the slowest airplane crossing of the Atlantic. Getting the record is now merely a matter of getting the flying boat across the ocean, which suspicious delays to the contrary notwithstanding, seems to be the general intention of the pilots. Another intention may be that of competing with the slowest freighters. The DO-X took off from Altenrhein, Switzerland, last November 5, bound for Amsterdam, Southampton, Le Havre, Lisbon and points west, including New York. "We have all year to make this trip," Captain Christiansen said, "and we are not going to rush anything." He spoke more truly than he knew. If anything is being rushed it is hard to see what.



Underwood

WESTWARD BOUND
The twelve-motored DO-X, largest flying boat in the world

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At this writing the DO-X has just completed a 1250-mile journey from the Canary Islands to Portuguese Guinea, on the western coast of Africa. For the DO-X, that's not a mean week's work. The boat's log shows that two and a half months elapsed between the time she took off at Altenrhein and the time she took off at Lisbon, three months and a day between the time she arrived at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, and the time she arrived at Bolama, Portuguese Guinea. There were, of course, bad spells of weather and several mishaps which took time for repairs. But at this rate, flying by way of Port Natal, Brazil, the good (in a manner of speaking) ship may—and, of course, may not—get to New York by Christmas. If she should arrive by then, or say by next Easter, the DO-X fliers should be properly decorated, dined and encouraged to continue their epoch-making flight westwardly—even across the Hudson to Hoboken, Weehawken and Jersey City.

▶▶*Revolt in China*

THERE IS NO DANGER that China will split up into several independent nations as Spain has threatened to do. National feeling is too strong for that. But there is grave danger that it will be torn by recurrent civil wars unless President Chiang Kai-shek's attempt to create a strongly centralized government at Nanking is abandoned and each of the principal geographic areas is granted freedom to go its own way in domestic affairs. The feeling against Chiang's dictatorial methods is widespread and there is no machinery by which it can find expression through ballots or similar peaceful means. Hence his policy is bearing a crop of rebellions.

The latest of these occurred on April 30. On that day, timing their move to cause Chiang's régime the greatest possible embarrassment, a group of military leaders in South China carried through a coup d'état at Canton and announced their qualified independence of the Nanking government. Nanking countered by declaring that it would not attempt to put down the rebels by force, since the country could not afford a new civil war, and that the National Congress would be opened on May 5 as planned.

The group behind this revolt is the same as that involved in the first open split in the Nationalist ranks after the country had been "unified" in the summer of 1928. That split came in spring of 1929, and involved the question of control of the central Yangtze Hankow area. As military chief of the Nationalist régime, Chiang emerged victorious from a brief campaign, and the "Kwangsi clique" leaders were driven down into the southwestern province from which their group gets its name. All attempts to crush them there failed. Now they have taken the field again, securing control of Canton and its province of Kwangtung.

Fundamentally, this new revolt has the same cause as the revolt of two years ago and the two other rebellions (in the autumn of 1929 and the summer of 1930) which have occurred since. It is not opposition to the Nationalist government as such, but dislike of Chiang's efforts to concentrate power at Nanking and, particularly, to concentrate it in his own hands. In transforming the nominal dictatorship of the Kuomintang (Nationalist party) into a personal dictatorship, he has antagonized all the military chiefs who coöperated with him

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 64.

Depressions are good things; we always come out of them with some benefits.—HARVEY FIRESTONE.

J. E. Rogers, Jr., Freeport, Texas, $5 prize.

Never in my life have I been more optimistic of this country's prosperity than today.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Miss Grace Kleiner, 606 E. Ohio Ave., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, $2 prize.

This republic has a good government. The future undoubtedly will judge this period as a time when the country met its difficulties remarkably well.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Robert W. Fromme, 218 W. Gilman St., Madison, Wis., $2 prize.

The King [Alfonso XIII] has not abdicated. He has not even passed over his powers. He has merely left the country.—QUEEN VICTORIA EUGENIE.

Miss Kate Gardner, 103 Cottage St., Pawtucket, R. I., $2 prize.

The Chicago Association of Commerce crime table shows that Chicago is the only city in the nation with a continual reduction in crime from 1915 until now.—WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON.

Miss Ruth M. Erdman, 521 12th St. N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

Like Rockefeller, Capone, after amassing a fortune of millions, has gone in for philanthropy. He has opened a soup kitchen in Chicago. So far he hasn't endowed any foundation, but he is most likely to do so.—NORMAN THOMAS.

Mrs. W. G. Price, Capahosic, Gloucester Co., Va., $2 prize.

The modern young man is afflicted with half-wittedism, a vacuous ego, undesire and inability to earn his living, a tender skin and mental freckles.—COSMO HAMILTON.

Miss Harriet M. Erdman, 521 12th St. N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

We public idols must foster the illusion our public has about us.—NANCY CARROLL.

Jack Rasch, 1008 No. Fair Oaks, Pasadena, Cal., $2 prize.

It doesn't cost as much to be well dressed as people imagine. I am what is called an extravagant buyer yet I can manage very comfortably on twenty thousand a year.—LILYAN TASHMAN.

Miss Rose Carrall, 511 W. 19th St., Austin, Texas, $2 prize.

Everybody likes to have a pretty girl around.—DOROTHY DIX.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.

It seems to me that one of the primary reasons why people do not find much romance in marriage is that they do not know how to behave.—MICHAEL ARLEN.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

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in the campaign which made the Nationalists masters of the country. One after another they have revolted. Now the Kwangsi group, the first to revolt, has started the round again, demanding, not that the Nanking government be displaced, but that Chiang himself step out.

▶▶*Next Year's Weather*

GOOSEBONE, groundhog and rheumatism experts have tended to identify distant weather prediction with superstition in the mind of the average intelligent person. Nevertheless, it is a fact that science is seriously seeking a way to determine the weather months and years in advance. While a number of methods have been worked out, all of them are rather shaky.

Now we are given another by A. F. Gorton of the widely known Scripps Institute of Oceanography at La Jolla, California. Mr. Gorton's method does not differ in basic principle from some others; he makes a study of past weather records and in them, he believes, finds cycles in the world's climate. While such cycles are difficult to isolate from the maze of meteorological observations, there seems to be no doubt that some of them exist, notably the Brueckner cycle of an average length of 34.8 years. The greatest difficulty the investigator experiences in studying them is in putting his fingers exactly upon them. It is sometimes possible to sift out a cycle from hundreds of thousands of weather readings extending over years, but in nearly every case it turns out to have only such local application that its general usefulness is questionable. For example, the 34.8-year period of the Brueckner cycle is only an average. The individual cycles vary from twenty to fifty years, vastly complicating the work of the weather prophets.

The whole problem is gigantic; yet so many scientists are busied with it that it is reasonable to expect some tangible result. Indeed, long-range weather predictions are already available and such services are actually for sale. While many farmers swear by them, most scientific men regard them, with one or two exceptions, as a kind of self-delusion. Many decades must elapse before the world will know whether the new Gorton method is valid or merely another light that failed. Meanwhile, the United States Weather Bureau sticks to the earth, predicting only a few days in advance.

The New Dry Drive

TO DR. POLING, clergyman, editor, dry leader, and sponsor of Christian Citizenship Sunday in last fall's election, goes the honor of firing the first gun of the next political campaign. It's a pretty good gun too; for it heralds nothing more nor less than the charge of three new brigades of dry shock troops, headed through the countryside directly upon the political conventions of 1932. Beginning in September and keeping up their offensive until June, these three brigades, side by side, will advance the lines of prohibition sentiment until dry planks are once more written in both party platforms.

Leading the spearhead, says the Doctor's announcement of a new dry organization to support prohibition, will be the "Allied Campaigners"—a flying squadron which will tour 250 pivotal cities of the country, including every state capital, holding three-day inspirational mass meetings and organizing in each place a local society for the support of the Eighteenth Amendment. Close behind on either side will march first, "Allied Youth"—headed by 986 young Catholic, Jewish and Protestant executives—and, second, "Allied Business Men," conducting a nation-wide advertising and publicity campaign financed by themselves. Converging upon the delegates to both party conventions, these three together will plant the dry standard upon the political platforms of 1932—and the battle will be won.

Says Dr. Poling: "The leaders of the Allied Forces do not believe that all of 'God's children' are on one side of this issue. They know, too, that there are other issues. They recognize an honest, deep-seated difference of opinion. But they do believe that prohibition is a national issue and must be treated accordingly. They are unequivocally for the Eighteenth Amendment."

And, clearly, they aim to see to it that it remains in the Constitution.

As a challenge to the opponents of prohibition, here is certainly something to stir the blood and bring forth the admonition: Go forth and do likewise. For here is no piffling talk of Republicanism or Democracy, here is no discussion of voting for this presidential candidate or that. Here is no lingering embrace of political partisanship. Here instead is plain talk and clear thinking. Here is practical wisdom and undivided loyalty. Here is the essence of victory.

What is more, if Dr. Poling's announcement represents a genuine repentance from prejudice and religious bigotry, and evidences a sincere desire to fight the prohibition issue upon its political merits, as a problem of government and not a question of Christian morality, it represents a step forward for the drys, upon which all Americans will congratulate them. For it is only a few brief months since Dr. Poling and fifteen of his leading associates of the Protestant churches of America attempted to read all Protestants out of the Christian church unless perforce they agreed with him on this same subject. Said he and his associates last fall in their call for Christian Citizenship Sunday: "It was by a Christian crusade that the legalized liquor traffic was first outlawed. It will require another such crusade if the outlawry of that traffic is to be permanently established. To the end, therefore, that the membership of our churches may squarely face their obligations as Christian citizens in the elections November 4, we join herewith to set aside Sunday, November 2, as Christian Citizenship Sunday." Editorially he said through his paper that no alternative other than to join the prohibition ranks remained for the "individual Christian or for the church that professes to be committed to the establishment of Jesus' way of life."

The change in front indicated by his new statement is excellent, both from the standpoint of truth and political tactics. Not only is it a recognition of a former mistake but it will win over many people whom his former tactics deeply offended. So good is the whole idea, in fact, that we are moved to ask: What are the wets going to do about it? Are wet Republicans and wet Democrats going to continue to wear the party collar no matter how their party stands on the question in 1932? Are the majority of the people of the country, whom Dr. Poling still claims he represents, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, going to sit back and see this organized minority win once more? More specifically, what are the present unrelated organizations opposed to prohibition going to do about it?

Certainly it is plain enough by now that of both wets and drys 1932 will demand clearly: Vote now or forever more hold your peace. We suggest that unless the wets of both parties and the organiz-

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ations which represent them, are willing to ponder Dr. Poling's example and go and do likewise, they might better cease forever their cries of discontent. Votes, not talk, will count at the political conventions next summer. And the drys, you may depend upon it, will throw their votes to whichever party promises them the most.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

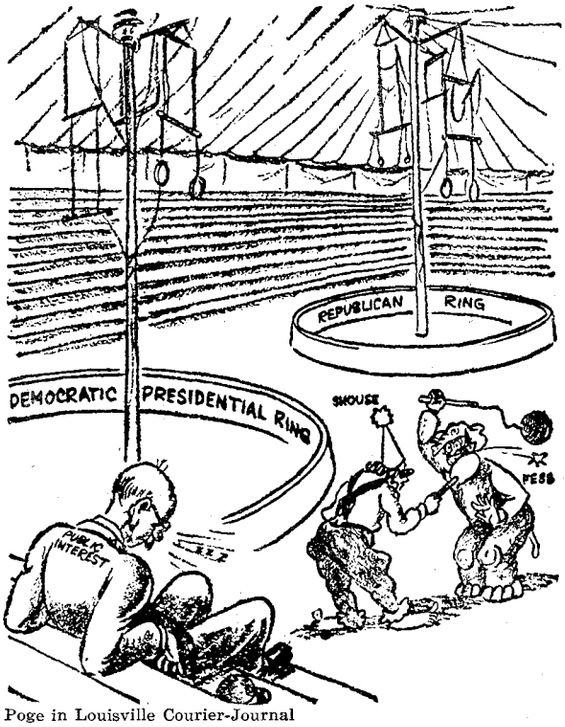
EVEN the most pessimistic Democrats, we find, have taken heart at the barrage of criticism which spokesmen for the large and conservative interests have recently directed against Republican policies that have been embraced whole-heartedly by the Hoover Administration. More and more we hear the suggestion that by the fall of 1932 the Democratic Party may become more satisfactory to the industrial and financial groups than the G. O. P. By the same token, this possibility has given a more attractive aspect to the economic program laid down by National Chairman John J. Raskob in so far as that referred to the tariff, taxation, mergers and expansion of business at home and abroad. Should Mr. Raskob's ideas be adopted by his party or the Democratic presidential nominee, it is almost certain that the minority would at least split even with President Hoover in circles wont to support the Republican presidential slate almost invariably.

The Democrats naturally discounted the anti-tariff expressions of Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York and W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and former Republican National Committeeman for that State. There is some ground for believing that both men were influenced by other things than economic considerations. Mr. Snell, for instance, is a serious candidate for Speakership of the House, and he was undoubtedly delivering little more than a campaign address when he expressed some dissatisfaction with the Hawley-Smoot duties. He was, we imagine, seeking to pick up support among Republican Progressives, if not among some of the Democrats who are not wholly sympathetic to the Speakership aspirations of Representative "Jack" Garner of Texas. Mr. Atterbury, likewise, has plenty of reason for criticism of the Hoover policies. He was, we understand, virtually asked to resign as National Committeeman when he declined to indorse Gifford Pinchot for governor last fall, and we are informed that Mr. Hoover, after some urging, had a part in getting rid of the railroad man. It would be only human nature for Mr. Atterbury to question the wisdom of the Administration's course, and to do it openly. It is entirely possible that both Messrs. Snell and Atterbury were giving voice to honest convictions, but, in the minds of the Democrats, their statements could be discounted.

There is no discounting the considered speech which Julius H. Barnes delivered before the United States Chamber of Commerce. The grain exporter, besides representing an influential section of American business men, has been a personal friend of Mr. Hoover. He was one of the first to propose Mr. Hoover for the presidency, and, until the President permitted Alex Legge to enter the wheat market as an active competitor of private business, Mr. Barnes was frequently called to the White House to give advice and, perhaps, comfort. When he takes a whack at the Administration, even though he may profess to be offering academic counsel, it is time to sit up. In any event, the Republican elders, including "Sunny Jim" Watson of Indiana and National Chairman Sim Fess, show increasing concern as each day that brings them nearer to the 1932 election finds somebody taking all the joy out of life.

As a matter of fact, we have seldom seen the party bosses so deep in the dumps. Mr. Watson is scared sick lest he be defeated for reëlection next year, and for that reason, in addition to others, would like to be named as Mr. Hoover's running mate. He has hopes that the national ticket might pull through, but he doubts if he can carry Indiana on his own. Mr. Fess's various ventures in eulogy or denunciation have been flops, and the publicity campaign undertaken by James E. West under the direction of Robert H. Lucas, Executive Director, has been an even greater failure. The Republican National Committee—and this is not an advertisement, for they are trying to conceal the fact—will pay $25,000 annually to the man who can, as a headline-getter, produce the goods. Even poor Mr. Doak, who has got away to an awkward start as Secretary of Labor, is scouring the newspaper corps for a publicity agent. We would not be a bit surprised if the Administration, before very long, engages an advertising adviser who shall, baldly and boldly, be given the job of reselling the Republican Party to the nation. In fact, we understand negotiations looking toward such a deal are now under way.

It would not surprise us if one of the doors leading to the office of the White House secretariat should soon be labelled "Advertising Manager." Nor is that suggestion fantastic. Pending the imminent departure of French Strothers, presidential amanuensis, the secretariat is somewhat disorganized. Theodore Joslin, the newly appointed member, and Larry Richey, the boy detective, are taking turns at the position left vacant by George Akerson. So far Mr. Joslin has done little except handle the press, and his status is apparently undetermined. The talk is that, when Strothers leaves, a heavy-pressure salesman will be drafted, and the presidential household reorganized.



Poge in Louisville Courier-Journal

The big show

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President Hoover, we happen to know, places little stock in all the criticism directed toward his business, financial, industrial policies. He thinks that he has simply suffered from a series of bad breaks. He believes his difficulties have been due to a lack of proper methods rather than a forward-looking and courageous political philosophy. He believes—and his advisers agree with him—that bigger and better advertising will yet win the day. A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▶▶*Business Wary—Quite Contrary*

BUSINESS, like the weather, continues variable. The big news of the week was, of course, the unfavorable report on steel earnings. This obscured other factors which might have been interpreted encouragingly, such as the improvement in revenue freight loadings and the increase in electric power production.

In declaring the regular quarterly dividend on its common stock in spite of first quarter earnings equivalent to only five cents a share the United States Steel Corporation has held fast to the policy it has maintained with fair regularity since the corporation was organized in 1901.

This policy and that of maintaining wage schedules during a period of declining commodity prices have doubtless been inspired, at least in some degree, by the corporation's position of leadership in American industry, and there is a general disposition to believe that the organization will, if possible, continue its regular dividend rate through 1931 for the psychological effect it will have on our smaller industrial units.

Whether or not the corporation will be able to do this depends, of course, on what happens in the industry during the current quarter and the last half of the year. Second quarter earnings generally exceed those of the first, and unless general conditions get definitely worse the autumn quarter may show results better than either of these.

▶▶*Chemistry Carries On*

As the chemical industries have come through the depression in better condition than any other major group of enterprises, their annual exposition (held in Grand Central Palace, New York City, May 4-9) combines the best features of a world's fair, old home week and a ratification meeting.

This year's show is notable in many ways. It attracted 450 exhibitors and thousands of engineers, chemists and high industrial executives from North and South America, Europe and the Far East. Exhibits shown for the first time include a rapid vacuum pressure pump with a range of pressure from 20 pounds to the square inch down to a vacuum of one ten-millionth of an atmosphere; unbreakable tableware made of new plastics; and a new series of alloys designed especially to resist the action of acids.

An intensive course for students, under the direction of Dean W. T. Read of Rutgers, rounded up more than 500 students from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and fourteen other universities and schools of technology. The advisory committee of the exposition was headed by Dr. Arthur D. Little of Cambridge and had as one of its members another representative of the Outlook Business Hall of Fame, Dr. L. H. Baekeland.

▶▶*Jewett of the Bell*

Like Mees of Kodak Park, Frank B. Jewett goes into our Hall of Fame by a unanimous vote of the electors. Vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., Dr. Jewett has led the way to such breath-taking wizardries as permalloy (the magnetic metal which speeded up the transmission of messages by submarine cable), long distance telephony and the latest miracle of television.

FRANK B. JEWETT

Born in Pasadena in 1879, Jewett studied successively and successfully at Throop Polytechnic Institute (now California Institute of Technology) the University of Chicago, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1904 he entered the engineering department of the A. T. and T., and that great organization has been wise enough to hang onto him.

Thanks to Jewett and his helpers (who now number more than 4,000) you can now call up your wife in England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium or Sweden and find out how much she needs for the return trip. And thanks to the same miracle men, you may soon see her smile as she tells you.

▶▶*Dunnigan on Forecasting*

One can scarcely disagree with the opening statement in William Dunnigan's *Practical Stockmarket Forecasting* (Financial Publishing Co., $2.50). The statement is: "A considerable increase of public participation and interest in stock market affairs has been witnessed during the past few years." That would seem to qualify the author for the Harvard-Pulitzer-Nobel Prize for Statements That Cannot Be Refuted.

Mr. Dunnigan reviews eight major trend forecasting barometers: the Harvard B and C curves; index of volume of manufacture and commercial paper rates; pig-iron furnaces in blast; pig-iron production; bar-iron, pig-iron and coke prices; dividend yields in relation to interest rates; and interest rates in relation to bond yields. He then combines the eight methods into a "composite major trend barometer," with this rule: "Buy stocks when five or more of the eight barometers dictate to buy; sell stocks when five or more of the eight barometers dictate to sell."

The author does well to concentrate on a simple, straightforward exposition of his composite barometer and avoid the complications of statistical theory. The literature of statistics finds its audience composed almost entirely of students of economic problems. Mr. Dunnigan wisely recognizes the fact that mathematical formulae and discussions offer little attraction to the average man in search of a practical forecasting method on which to base his investment or stock-trading commitments. As only the simplest statistical tools are essential to the use of the composite barometer, the author has been able to present his message without recourse to the involved terminology of statistical methods.

Frank A. Fall.

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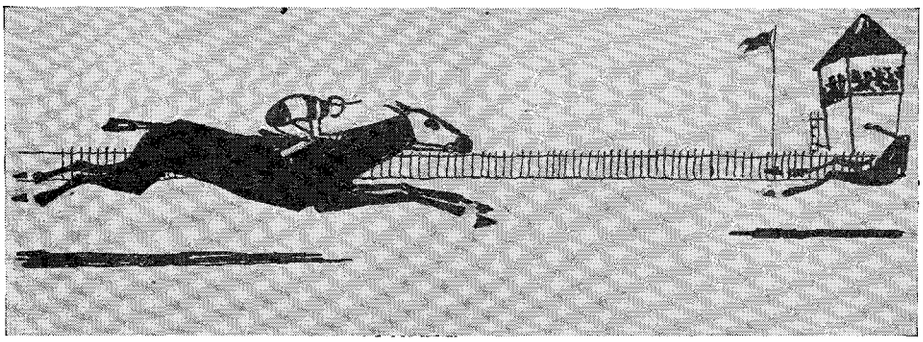
The Spotlight on Sports



▸▸*Vagaries in Sport*

WITH a bow to Mr. Ripley of "Believe It or Not" fame, some freakish things have happened in the sports world lately. There was the Harvard-Yale Rugby match at Soldiers Field, for example, won by "Newt" Lawler of Princeton!

Wearing Harvard Crimson, the former Princeton end scored the try which beat Yale's rugger fifteen. Gridiron followers will recall Lawler as the end who played such a smashing game for Old Nassau in the last intercollegiate match between Harvard and Princeton. That was in 1926. Now Lawler reappears on the same stadium turf, wearing the colors of his alma mater's arch enemy.

The answer to this riddle is easy. Lawler is taking a post-graduate course at Cambridge. He wouldn't be eligible to represent Harvard in an officially sponsored sport, but Rugby has yet to obtain recognition from the Intercollegiate Athlete Association. It is conducted at Harvard, Yale and Princeton on a delightfully informal basis, graduate students being permitted to play. There are Oxford and Cambridge Old Blues on the Big Three rugger sides. Hence Lawler's startling appearance in flaring Crimson.

It is a happy episode, a harbinger of renewed goodwill between those who were parties to a somewhat childish squabble. The *Lampoon* incident is forgotten, the signet ring charges tucked away in moth balls. Princeton and Harvard resumed athletic relations last week with a crew race on the Charles. The Cabots, Saltonstalls and Hallowells can now move their New York offices back to Nassau Street. The Pells, and Poes, and Pynes may parade Cambridge sans disguise. Peace has come again.

Lawler's gridiron debut had a dramatic twist. He didn't go out for Princeton football until Junior year. Sitting in the rickety wooden stands on old University Field watching practice that season, Lawler saw the varsity wings give a wretched exhibition.

"Hell! I can play better than those ends," he said to a companion. (Radio censors please copy.) Lawler reported to Roper next day. Within two weeks he was the regular varsity end. Who says the Frank Merriwell stuff is out of date?

▸▸*Water Wagon*

IT MAY COME AS A SHOCK to blue-nosed snoopers to learn that a race horse can be stricken with kidney trouble. These self-appointed custodians of public morals like to blame demon rum and its convivial derivatives for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but here we have a total abstainer—Equipoise of the Whitney *ménage*—hamstrung by that wobbly feeling in the legs.

Equipoise, winter book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, started at the prohibitive odds of 1 to 7 against indifferent company at Maryland last week and trailed home a bad last. The trainer lays this form reversal to "azotemia"—a kidney ailment caused by a change in drinking water. I have always suspected that water in excess was bad for the human system. At any rate, it seems that it can upset a thoroughbred. They say there are fifty-seven ways for the favorite to lose a horse race. Make it fifty-eight!

▸▸*Solid Ivory*

BASEBALL abounds in freak happenings, but I doubt if the red book can match the episode of the phantom home run. The slugging Yankees were facing Washington. With Lary on first, Lou Gehrig of New York drove the ball on a line into the center field bleachers. Over the fence is not out in the majors and this was a homer if ever there was one —but try and find those two New York runs in the official summary!

They vanished into thin air—"sunk without a trace" as our German friends used to say. Houdini never did a niftier disappearing act. The collier Cyclops didn't fade out more completely than that brace of runs.

The trick wasn't done with mirrors either. Manager McCarthy blames it on solid ivory. After rounding third in the conventional manner, Lary cut for the bench instead of continuing to the home plate. Why? Lary explained he thought that Gehrig's drive had been caught—a peculiar hallucination, to put it mildly. He was declared out for running beyond the base lines. Gehrig was out because he passed his base runner, thereby scoring illegally. He got a three-bagger for his pains. The Yanks were out of luck because they lost the game 9 to 7—defeat riding on the wings of those two lost runs.

This bit of baseball buffoonery recalls the stormy evening in 1908 when Fred Merkle reached for the clubhouse instead of second base. On second thought, the Lary-Gehrig slapstick comedy has more in common with Babe Herman's exploit of tripling into a double play. If you can't figure that one out ask any Brooklynite.

▸▸*Mrs. Moody Stands Pat*

RUMOR WON'T DOWN that Mrs. Helen Wills Moody is flirting with the idea of turning "pro." "I have had many offers but have accepted none," was her cryptic reply when cornered by reporters.

One may infer from that evasive answer that Mrs. Moody is receptive to the blandishments of professional tennis promoters. Certainly she didn't grow indignant at reportorial impertinence, or sound a clarion call for the so-called amateur ideal. It might be inferred that amateurism, *per se,* is less than a fetish to Mlle. Lenglen's successor. The moving picture offers, presumably, have not been attractive enough.

From the purely mercenary angle, I cannot see why Mrs. Moody should even consider turning "pro." Having married into a fortune, she can hardly be tempted by the bait of hard cash. Financial independence as a tennis professional could only be secured at the price of that prestige which still clings to any amateur headliner. If Mrs. Moody seeks revenge on La Belle Suzanne she has waited too long. The record reads—"Lenglen; 6-3, 8-6." That first meeting of the tennis queens will also be the last. Past her tennis prime, the canny French girl will let those figures stand.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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Calvin Coolidge—Scribbler

By JOHN BAKELESS

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE of Northampton, late of Washington, D. C., is one of our country's too little appreciated authors—not, be it understood, that he is a neglected genius, starving in a garret. Quite the reverse! Mr. Coolidge is not neglected, not a genius, not starving, and not living in a garret. Nor does he fail still to retain the respectful admiration of that portion of the American public which did not base its stock market operations on his views of business stability during the memorable years 1927 and 1928.

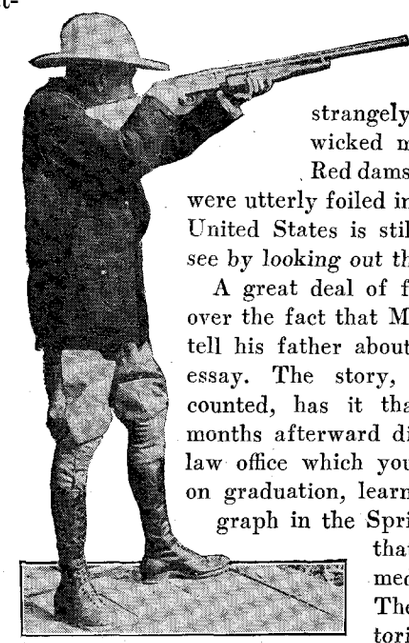
But with all the admiration that has accompanied one of history's most spectacular rises to political power and place, the sad fact remains that the literary aspects of Mr. Coolidge's career have been passed over in silence. Even William Lyon Phelps has failed to endorse his books—no book can fall lower than that. Yet the output—factory terms come naturally to the pen in describing Mr. Coolidge's writings—has been respectable both in mass and profit, if not in anything else. Our Mr. Coolidge has not always been an author. There was a time when he was just a plain, unliterary politician, intent on getting out the vote and getting into office. His rise to literary eminence—(two dollars a word is eminence in modern literature)—has been almost as surprising as his spectacular rise to the presidency. Now you see him as a state official. Suddenly he is in the White House! Now you see him grinding out political speeches—no better than most and no worse, except that they are a little duller. Suddenly he has attained the heights of American letters: He is writing for the *Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping,* the *Delineator,* the *Cosmopolitan.* Presently even these intellectual glories pale and lo! he is a syndicate writer, distributed daily to dozens of papers at once, just like Mutt and Jeff or any other comic strip.

How was this greatness thrust upon him? How, in short, did Mr. Coolidge get that literary way?

If there is a moral for ambitious young ward-heelers in the rise of the Northampton politician to the chair of Washington and Lincoln, may there not be equal inspiration for struggling young authors? Might not an aesthetic young sonneteer, by studying Mr. Coolidge's lyric raptures in the *Herald Tribune* every morning, some day come to write such sonnets as were never written before? Who could doubt it? Has not the *Herald Tribune's* mighty rival, the great and ponderous *Times* itself, written an editorial on "The Poet Coolidge," averring that "now we know him as a man touched with the loveliness of things." That makes it unanimous for North America.

Though his rise to literary eminence came late, Mr. Coolidge took to literature young. The Sons of the American Revolution were really to blame. It was they who, as you may read in the files of the *Amherst Student* for 1894, offered a prize "for the best treatment of the theme, 'The principles fought for in the war of the American revolution.' "

Young Calvin Coolidge undertook to explain to a waiting world what the American Revolution was all about. He worked hard, and—P. S., he took the prize! Thus did Calvin Coolidge, in the impressionable years of youth, make the great discovery that there is gold in this writing game, and so, years after, when the editors of the *Delineator* besought the Vice-President of the United States to save his country from the Vassar girls who were about to overthrow it, they found him strangely receptive. The wicked machinations of the Red damsels at Poughkeepsie were utterly foiled in three articles. The United States is still here, as you can see by looking out the window.



Acme

Not Will Rogers—merely his syndicated rival, Calvin Coolidge

A great deal of fuss has been made over the fact that Mr. Coolidge did not tell his father about the prize-winning essay. The story, as ordinarily recounted, has it that not until three months afterward did a partner in the law office which young Calvin entered on graduation, learn by a stray paragraph in the Springfield *Republican* that he had a gold medallist in his office. There ensued this historic dialogue:

"Why didn't you tell us you'd received it?"

"I don't know."

"Have you told your father?"

"No, would you?"

This uplifting incident is usually cited as a moral example, it being assumed that any youth so lacking in imagination as not to know that any father would like to hear about his son's gold medal, is just naturally predestined to rise in politics. This incident, it is also held, reveals the stern nature of the strong and silent man who was later to save his country from naval competition, unsound finance, the Reds, Radcliffe college girls, the *Vassar Miscellany News,* the decline of the home, and in fact nearly everything but the stock market crash.

This view is, alas! the view of people who have never read Mr. Coolidge's little masterpiece of historiography. One glance at the prize-winning essay, and the secret is out: Calvin Coolidge did not write home about his essay because the essay was nothing to write home about. It begins oracularly. It is full of the kind of thing admiring editors were in future years to hail as "Coolidgisms." You can see the future rise of Mr. Coolidge foreshadowed in its very first paragraph:

> When history looks beyond the immediate cause of the American Revolution for the justifying principles, it is very soon brought back to the spirit of English liberty. It is the same genius for freedom that has led the race from the primeval forests of Germany to the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution.

There was in those days no Eighteenth Amendment to worry about. But there is more of this same pellucid prose:

> Such an honorable antiquity of political ideas has made the race very conservative of self-government. The idea is prehistoric.

In fact, most of the ideas in the essay are prehistoric. They would look perfectly natural in a glass case in the American Museum of Natural History. You could tuck them in with a mummy and they would settle down with a faint sigh of contentment, feeling perfectly at home. You could include them in a volume of Mr. Coolidge's speeches, and even that would not make them any more prehistoric.

About the only secret that the prize essay lets out of the bag is the hitherto unsuspected fact that "sovereignty is always finally vested in the people;" and that at bottom the revolutionary

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In the midst of great human events, the philosophical Calvin Coolidge finds peace of mind to write of great natural events like the rise of the sap in the sugarin' season

colonists were "defending themselves against the military despotism of George III," who was "by nature a despot," and "at heart another Stuart." Such was the news for which the Sons of the American Revolution gave a gold medal!

Came then the years of struggle—rewarded by a steady crescendo of political success: councilman, city solicitor, clerk of courts, member of the General Court (the lower house of the Massachusetts state legislature), mayor, state senator, president of the state senate, lieutenant governor, governor! Before you knew it, Calvin Coolidge was Vice-President of the United States. Many thousands will pay quarters to read in a magazine what the Vice-President of the United States has to say, even if he has nothing to say, most especially if he has nothing to say. This great truth is well known to the guileful men who edit magazines of monstrous circulations.

Soon it became known that Vice-President Coolidge, with the help of the *Delineator,* was about to rescue his country from the Reds. It was the historic year 1921—in the oily reign of Warren I—when into those chaste pages, among the dress patterns and dessert recipes, burst Calvin with his long-to-be-remembered series, "Enemies of the Republic." It was in one of these screeds, entitled "Are the Reds Stalking our College Women?" that he exposed the devilish efforts of the *Vassar Miscellany News* to undermine the Government and Constitution of the United States. Fortunately, he succeeded. The Government survived, somewhat the worse for wear; and the Constitution is still there, though nobody pays much attention to it these days. As for the girls, they are all safely married by this time.

Until the Coolidge articles revealed the awful truth, nobody had suspected that, mainly because of a college girls' paper, the Constitution was about to crash. This was before the wild young people had been invented, but all solid citizens had already formed the respectable habit of looking under their beds for Bolsheviks every night; and Vice-President Coolidge's little discovery created a very satisfactory shiver along many a rib. The dreadful peril represented by the Vassar girls may be gathered from this example, quoted by the Vice-President of the United States with a perfectly straight face:

> The spirit of this radical element is all too cleverly expressed by a student in the *Vassar Miscellany News:* "I know what I am. I'm not pessimistic. I'm not optimistic. I'm just antagonistic."

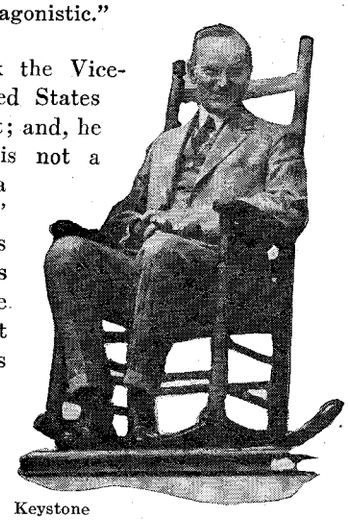
This epigram struck the Vice-President of the United States as dangerously brilliant; and, he observed darkly, it "is not a sporadic incident of a sophomore conclusion." (One of the fascinations of the Coolidge style is the chance it gives the reader to guess what it means.) But there was worse to come. "A Miss Smith, of the Vassar faculty," who had gone down to Washington during the Soviet hearings, had actually confessed to being "quite favorably impressed by the Soviet ambassador and struck by his moderation and intelligence compared to the narrowness of the [Congressional] committee."

There was even worse than disrespect for Congressmen in the colleges! The *News* of Radcliffe College had said that "a genuine democratization of industry must be brought about." These brazen hussies had even objected to the Palmer raids, and—horrible to relate—they had "in an intercollegiate debate supported the affirmative in the question: 'Resolved, That the recognition of labor unions by employers is essential to collective bargaining.'"

Three years before, the United States had helped to crush the mightiest military power in history. But the onset of the Radcliffe College Debating Team was, the Vice-President feared, going to be too terrible for it to withstand! If any man doubts the authenticity of all this naïveté and guff; if some one finds it hard to believe that a future president was signing it, let him look in the *Delineator* for June, July, and August, 1921. He will find it there and lots more so funny that I do not dare to quote it.

About this time, Mr. Coolidge had also been writing for *Good Housekeeping,* on the question "Whose Country Is This?" Not, as you might expect, remembering the history of those days, the oil ring's private property, but—reader, you've guessed it!—the peepul's!

Though the market for a Vice-President's name does not compare with that for an ex-President's, Mr. Coolidge did fairly well in the Vice-Presidential years when he really had nothing to do but dine out, preside over the Senate, and exude "articles." There was a pretty steady trickle of his manuscripts through the big women's magazines. One of the funniest was that thrilling little piece, again in the *Delineator,* on "A Nation of Home-Owners." From his apartment in the New Willard Hotel, Vice-President Coolidge wrote just as thrillingly and convincingly about the importance of owning your own home as if he had been sitting in his own snug and cozy half of a rented house at 22 Massassoit Street, Northampton. He spoke favorably of "vision," the "cherished memories of childhood," the "right to acquire, hold, and transmit property," American institutions, and "all that which is designated under the general designation of a re-



Keystone

While Mr. Coolidge dwelt in rented quarters he wrote longingly of home-owning—and now he sits and smiles on his own front porch

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public." (Let us hope he did not mean the "all" to include "that which is designated" as the Union of Socialist Republics.) For a one-page article that is a lot, even if the page is big. But Vice-President Coolidge did not stop there. No! He warmed right up to his work and began to talk about the home. He said he was in favor of it.

"Here," he said, "is the opportunity to express the soul in art. Here is the sacred influence, here in the earth at our feet, around the hearth stone which raises man to his true estate."

True enough. But the radiator must have rattled as he wrote. From his apartment on the third floor of the New Willard, far above the paving of Washington, he wrote a lot of other jolly things like that bit about "the earth at our feet." He cocked one eye at the radiator and wrote a paragraph which said that "there are two shrines at which mankind has always worshiped, must always worship: the altar which represents religion, and the hearth stone which represents the home."

Also true. But it was not until a few years later, as President, Mr. Coolidge was for the first time to become a church member—*after* membership had been voted by the Congregationalists without his knowledge. (Of course, he may always have been a Congregationalist at heart, but there is no evidence of that.)

Not only was Mr. Coolidge enthusiastic about home and religion in those days, he was also all for the people.

"Let them begin," he said, "however slender their means, the building and perfecting the national character by building and adorning of a home." One can't help thinking that if all the American people built only one home it would be a little bit crowded; but the building industry was in a bad way, and it is hard to write English after listening to Senators all day, as a Vice-President must.

Perhaps that is why Vice-President Coolidge (whose slender means at the moment included a twelve thousand dollar salary) put off practicing his precepts. He had always lived in a rented house except when he was living in a hotel room in Boston. As Vice-President and encourager of home-owning, he lived at the New Willard Hotel. Now he moved right into the White House, where his means were less slender. But it was eight years before he became a home-owner. Then he who had advised those of slender means to own homes, bought himself the first home he had ever owned. It was a $50,000 estate.

In July of 1922, Mr. Coolidge had a piece called "Interdependence Day" in *Good Housekeeping*. In this the silent and taciturn Vice-President, who as a college boy had not feared to put that miscreant George III in his place, did it all over again for the benefit of a wondering audience of good housekeepers, who had never heard a great man be so daring before. In this article, the Vice-President touched new ideas.

"I can conceive of no one," he wrote, "who is sufficient unto himself." Further, "the capitalist, the workman, the manager are therefore in one common enterprise to serve customers. The principle is plain that each should receive compensation in proportion to the amount of service performed . . . . Speaking generally, the equilibrium resulting in the different compensations must in the main be just. Were it not so, prosperity would stop. Disaster would overtake us."

That same month he had a piece in the *Delineator* that settled a lot of other questions that had been bothering people for a long time.

"It is in the religious convictions alone," ran the Vice-Presidential assurance to the people, "that we may hope for any permanent solution of the differences between employer and employed, for a permanent social relationship that can be embodied in the law of the land, or any permanent plan for international harmony which can exist without armament."

"Materialism," he added sapiently, "is not sufficient; it has never been sufficient, important though it be, to do the great work of the world." A fairly safe thing even for a Vice-President to say. Perhaps he was thinking already of the two-dollar-a-word days that were to come.

Mr. Coolidge reached real heights of lyric rapture in a disquisition which he wrote for that widely known publication, the *National Geographic*, on "Massachusetts and Its Position in the Life of the Nation." He explained that Bay State Yankees had a gift for leadership which "reached back beyond the veil of myth and mystery." He expressed a high opinion once again of religion, on which are based "prosperity, responsibility, and social welfare." And he explained that Massachusetts was all right. Messrs. Sacco and Vanzetti, then in jail at Charlestown, might not have agreed, but the *National Geographic* and apparently everybody who read the *Geographic* thought it was great stuff.

Mr. Coolidge rambled on like that for years. Any magazine that would take an article got one. It would be charitable to believe that he did not write them; but there is, alas! no blinking the fact that he signed them. During the years of his vice-presidency, his name abounds in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, and even that lengthy catalogue is incomplete. As President, he slowed down a bit for a year or so, but by the end of 1924 he was going again, full blast, though now he had ceased writing for the big-pay women's magazines and was merely having speeches printed in such sober journals as *Science*, the *Missionary Review*, and the *Congressional Digest*.

His greatest literary moment came as he prepared to leave the White House. In 1929 it was announced that Mr. Coolidge would write for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. There was a great to-do. News stories in all the papers announced the impending masterpiece. The manuscript was cut up and given to the printers in little bits, lest the great thoughts leak out ahead of time. Mr. Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, explained that "his statements are so important and so dovetailing that to permit the publication of any fragment might lead to misunderstanding." No one has ever explained what might lead to an understanding of the articles, or what (if anything beyond the urge of cash) they meant.

And so, at length, there burst upon a waiting world the first of a long series of ex-presidential articles. Of these the most amazing was probably the one called "Reflections from Private Life." "The former President here tells," blurbed the editors of the *Cosmopolitan* in their foreword, "just what he thinks about prohibition, the tariff, playing the market, the suggestion that he run for senator, the talk of another term, and minding one's own business." It was a remarkable article, a big, broad, inclusive article, a fitting climax to Mr. Coolidge's autobiography, which had run for months and months. It had been a great success, probably because no one had

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This Week's Contributors

John Bakeless has had a wide and varied experience as editor and writer. He has been on the staffs of *Living Age*, *Forum* and *Atlantic Monthly*, and has written several books, the most recent being *Magazine Making*.

Alec Waugh is of the younger generation of English novelists, but already has nearly a dozen volumes to his credit. At the age of 19 he served in the war.

Creighton Peet, author of Outlook's column entitled "The New Movies," formerly was critic for the *New York Evening Post* and editor of *Cinema Art*.

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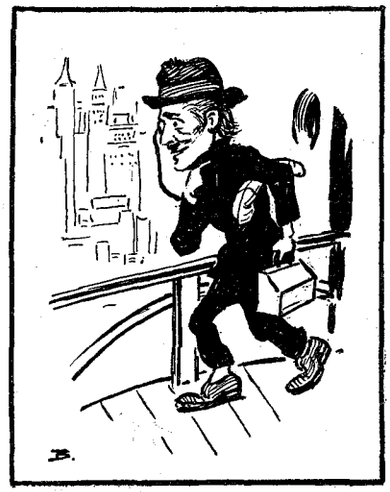
Etiquette for Visiting Novelists

By ALEC WAUGH



EARLY this Spring a successful English novelist paid his first visit to the United States. Within a few hours of landing he was busy explaining to the press what was wrong with America; with its men, its women, its social structure, its diet, its laws, its habits, its way of life, its culture. During his fourteen days in New York he talked nonsense as consistently as during the preceding fourteen years he had written sense. Of the many criticisms with which his diatribes were countered, the most generally approved was the suggestion that it was not particularly good manners to criticise a country when you were its guest. It was a criticism that raises the whole problem of "What is the correct etiquette for a traveling novelist?"

At first sight there would seem no effective retort to such a criticism. The etiquette which governs a man's behavior in a foreign country should, it must seem, be an extension of those laws of guest and host that govern his behavior in a friend's house. When you are visiting with friends, you accept their hospitality uncritically. You assume that they are giving you the best they have. When you leave you say "Thank you" as warmly as you can. If you have not enjoyed yourself, you find excuses for refusing a second invitation. But it would be curious manners if your bread-and-butter letter took the form of a detailed criticism; if you were to point out that, much as you had enjoyed yourself, it would have been pleasanter if your bedroom window had not rattled, if the cook had not peppered the soup, if the maids had not begun dusting the stairs at seven in the morning. The bread-and-butter letter is indeed so standardized an expression of gratitude that when one has really enjoyed a visit it is very hard to find phrases that repetition has not worn thin with insincerity.

That same code might be expected to govern one's behavior in a foreign country. For though the tourist is scarcely a guest in as far as he is more often than not staying in hotels and ordinarily returns a large measure of the hospitality that he receives, he is entirely dependent for his entertainment on the readiness of local people to accept him into their lives. In most parts of the world such readiness is generously displayed. A foreigner arriving with suitable letters of introduction is accepted into that country's life, he is made an honorary member of its clubs, he is asked on parties. The best that local life can give is offered him. And it is by his treatment of that best that the traveling novelist has earned for himself so unenviable a reputation. Writer after writer, having received in foreign countries kindness and hospitality, has, on his return home, described those places in the same terms that he would a shop or restaurant. "They do this badly and that well. Things are like this, the people are like that." Such comments break every recognized law of guest and host. The novelist, particularly in small places, has proved himself a guest to be treated cautiously. At the same time his position is far harder than his detractors think.

The visiting novelist ofttimes arrives poor but welcome and leaves affluent and unpopular

The anonymous author of *Gin and Bitters* violently attacked her novel-writing protagonist because he made copy out of his friends, his loves, and his hosts. But it is what every novelist does, inevitably. Criticism may argue about intuition, imagination and the antennae of creative susceptibility, but a novelist's work, whether significant, valueless or slight, is for whatever it may be worth, a personal record; an account of the various impacts that the facts of life have made on him. There need be no direct transcription of words, no "putting" of people into books. But situations, dialogue, backgrounds, characters are suggested to him by personal experience, by what he has seen and heard and felt. They are a mingling of many moments. It is inevitable that that mingling should involve from time to time the betrayal of personal confidences and a breach of manners.

For the untraveling novelist, particularly for the novelist who is part of a large community, the situation is not difficult. Injury is committed only when injury is felt. You can caricature your friends endlessly provided neither they nor their friends recognize your portraits. You can abuse hospitality as long as your hosts are unaware that you are doing so. You can divulge secrets provided the people concerned are not affected. You could, that is to say, on a remote South Sea atoll, recount what scandals you liked to natives who would never be brought into contact with your friends.

The novelist living in Paris, London or New York enjoys that immunity. His days are divided between so many interests and people that he can always cover his traces. Half of my stories have been London ones. But only once have they involved me in a personal quarrel, and on that occasion it was a dimly sketched and imagined character that a friend chose to recognize as a portrait of himself. Whenever I have directly "drawn from life"—and I have quite often—I have always been able to avoid detection by changing the parentage, personal appearance and social status of a character.

For the traveling novelist such tactics are not possible, particularly when he is the guest of small communities. His situ-

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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

Part V—The Scramble for Ferdinand's Sceptre

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

The long-anticipated death of King Ferdinand loosed a flood of intrigue in Roumania, and in this installment Mr. Bercovici charges that the news of the monarch's demise was withheld from the public until the royal and near-royal politicians could reach an understanding on the scramble for the throne. Ferdinand had died too soon. In the next installment he will tell of the efforts to keep Carol off the throne.

WHILE in Vienna, during the days of the so-called revolution, I met several newspapermen who were marking time before setting out for Bucharest. I had been on a long automobile trip in the Alps and had not been in touch with Roumanian affairs.

"What's all this rush towards Roumania?" I asked one of the American newspapermen.

"We're waiting for the Roumanian King's funeral," he answered.

"Is he dead?" I questioned.

"They have not yet told the world," the Italian newspaperman answered.

I left Vienna hurriedly, stepped over the Hungarian border and took the first train for Budapest, where I scanned every newspaper. There wasn't even a hint of King Ferdinand's impending death.

I arrived in Bucharest towards midnight, elated that I had stolen a march on the newspapermen I had left in the Vienna hotel. It was still too early to go to sleep, and so I went out for a walk. At the stroke of midnight, military patrols appeared in the street, and I noticed that two soldiers were left at every corner. My promenade towards the center of the town was barred by the gendarmes, who bade me return to my hotel.

"It is too late for any decent man to be abroad," they told me.

I wondered about the military display at midnight, and wondered what prompted the police to be so anxious about the decency of the citizens of Bucharest; midnight being the breakfast hour for a good many in the capital of Roumania. In the morning the riddle was solved. One of the newspapers, only one, carried the news of King Ferdinand's death on its front page. Though all the morning papers appear usually at the same hour, the opposition papers of that morning were late. One of the ministers was also the proprietor of one of the newspapers, and since it was he who had to give out the information he took care to give it first to his own paper.

Later on I was told that the King had been dead a good many hours, if not a good many days, before his death was made public. The news had leaked out the week before, and foreign correspondents were waiting on the border for the information they had been told to expect. The supposition that the King had been dead many days before the public was informed sounded a little wild to me, despite my knowledge of the intrigues and machinations that had been going on in Roumanian court and political circles for some years. I refused to believe that such a thing would be dared by any one.

But when I saw the face and the hands of the dead ruler of Roumania stretched out on the catafalque, I had to admit to myself that my informants had told the truth. Those hands, shrunken to the size of the hands of a little child, had been dead longer than the twenty-four hours that had elapsed between the announcement and my view of the body of what had once been my King. The head had shrunken to the size of a small fist. It looked like a mummified head. It could not possibly have been living twenty-four hours before.

On the steps of every public building stood soldiers with machine guns ready for action. There were posters on every wall announcing the death of the King, and at the same time telling the population how to behave until after the funeral. Flags were to be draped in black. It was expressly forbidden to play any musical instrument, or to have any music in restaurants or cabarets, until after the funeral.

All the outward manifestations of mourning were there. Yet no one seemed to mourn. The city of Bucharest was under strict martial law as a result of the death of the King. There was no question of mourning. The people I spoke to were divided into two factions. Some said that the military manifestation was unnecessary, that it would create a bad impression on foreigners; and others maintained that Jonel Bratianu was right in taking no chances.

Parliament held a brief session the day after the announcement of the King's death. Jonel Bratianu read the last letter written by the deceased, in which, among other dispositions, he forbade Prince Carol's entry into the country, even for the funeral. Again the mark was overshot. People refused to believe that that letter had been written by the King. Some refused even to believe that he had signed it. Men turned their heads toward the Queen. She could not possibly allow such a thing to happen. Why didn't she interfere? Why didn't she demand special permission from Parliament, if that was necessary, that her oldest son should be allowed to come to the funeral of his father? And when she had done nothing, people were convinced that she was a party to that intrigue, that it was of her making.

The machine guns, the patrolling soldiers and the loaded guns in the barracks were not there because of fear of public uprising, but as a demonstration

Wide World

WHO SHALL RULE THIS KING?

Queen Marie expected to be the power behind the throne after Ferdinand's death because she was grandmother of young King Michael, but Princess Helen developed a will of her own

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International

THE ROYAL FAMILY MOURNS FERDINAND

Princess Ileana, ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece, Queen Marie and the Queen of Jugo-Slavia

against Carol should he attempt to brave the interdiction. There were rumors that he had come secretly as far as the border, where he was asked to return. His best friends were sent to persuade him not to attempt to enter Roumania by force, if he wanted to avoid bloodshed at his father's funeral. That was the alternative that was put to him. If he entered the country in some way, the Bratianus would not hesitate to slaughter his followers.

Meanwhile, my foreign press friends had arrived at the hotel. The people from the outlying towns and villages were beginning to pour into Bucharest. The streets filled with people. Newspapers were already publishing photographs of Queen Marie in mourning clothes. She looked well in them. Her costumes had become rather too well known. Widow's weeds had never been essayed before. Next in order came photographs of the newly proclaimed King Michael, a darling chubby little boy, and photographs of his mother, Princess Helen. There were at least a half dozen photographs of the Queen for every one of her grandson and daughter-in-law.

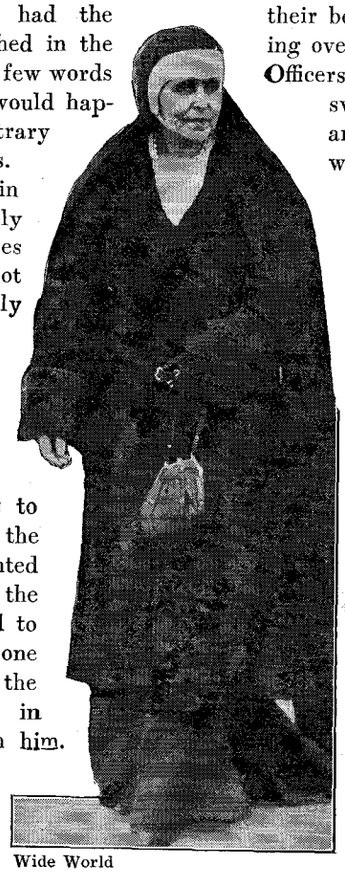
The following day, the number of machine guns in the street had been doubled. There was an additional set of pronunciamentos on the walls of the city. Rumors were flying back and forth with great insistence that Carol and his friends would indeed make a bid for power. Jonel Bratianu had the King's last letter published in the newspapers, and added a few words of his own about what would happen if anything went contrary to the dead King's wishes.

No, he had no interest in the affair. He was merely carrying out the last wishes of his King. No, he was not a vengeful man. Personally he did not care whether Carol came or not. He was carrying out the last will of his master. Yet twice as many machine guns were necessary in the streets to carry out that will, all the cannon had to be pointed toward the palace, and the muzzles of the guns had to be directed towards one point. The Queen and the royal household were in complete agreement with him. Was there anybody who dared say anything to the contrary?

If Carol was a real patriot and loved his country and his people he would not attempt to come home just then. Poor Roumania had suffered enough. It was too bad that the coffin of the dead King should have to be spattered with the blood of his people.

After that the rumors about Carol's return subsided. Pictures of the dowager Queen, of King Michael and of Queen Mother Helen filled all the papers and were distributed with full hands to foreign newspaper correspondents. But the telegrams and cables that were sent out were censored so heavily that nothing beyond the fact that the King had died and that there was to be a burial in a day or so was allowed to percolate over the border. Of the internal condition of the country, of the attitude of the people, of the aspect of Roumania at that time, not a word was permitted to go out. Correspondents were permitted to say that the King had died; that he would be buried; that Queen Marie mourned him deeply (photographs of Queen Marie in mourning would follow); that Michael had already been proclaimed King, and that Queen Mother Helen was a fine mother and promised to take good care of the child. Needless to say, newspaper correspondents went to the Hungarian border and sent telegrams from there.

I shall never forget the funeral as it passed by my window. The false attempt at imposing pomp. Soldiers passing in prescribed parade. Women in their best afternoon dress bending over windows and balconies. Officers in parade uniform, their swords bowed, looking up and exchanging greetings with their women friends as they passed by. Some of them throwing gallant kisses. Jonel Bratianu himself, beneath my window, at the curb, watching the funeral as it passed by, checking up on everything. Somebody cried out, "Long live King Carol!" He was smothered by policemen and detectives who dragged him away, more dead than alive, while the funeral procession passed on. A woman protested against the cruelty with which the Carol enthusiast had been beaten, and was knocked down in turn. Policemen in uniform and detectives passed



Wide World

Marie mourns

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up and down the streets over which the cortège passed, and told the people to be silent, that there were machine guns everywhere.

Jonel Bratianu and his brother Vintila, the prime minister and minister of interior, were directing the police and the detectives instead of following the funeral carriage. They left nothing to chance, those two. They had confidence only in themselves. I shall never forget the sudden noise in the street after the funeral had passed. Had it not been for the machine guns on the streets, the King's funeral might have become the occasion for a general holiday. The street vendors acted like on fair days. The wine houses, the inns, were filled to the doors.

While the funeral carriage was still inching slowly to the railroad station, on its way to the Carpathian mountains, the impatient gypsies scraped their fiddles in the wine places. Many of the black flags had come down from stores and homes. For even the simplest-minded realized the ridiculous contradiction between the signs of mourning and the holiday spirits of the citizens. The night of the funeral was one of grand revelry. The terraces of cafés and restaurants were filled with people. Wine and champagne flowed freely. Not because Bucharest was glad the King had died. Not that the inhabitants felt so gay because some one who had oppressed them was no longer among the living. That was not the reason. It was because those at the head of the government had given no sign of genuine mourning. It was because threatening machine guns were there. People needed some outlet from this repression.

Watching the boisterousness and explosiveness of the people, I realized that the Bratianus had been wise to organize the military display. Had the Carolists been men of courage, had they really possessed an ounce of daring, they could have taken advantage of the feelings of the people that day, that night, and the following one, and turned the situation to their own advantage. Anything could have been done by a few men of courage. It would have been possible to declare a dictatorship. It would have been possible to proclaim a republic. Another King could have been hoisted on the throne. Any change could have been wrought during those hours. There was nobody with courage enough to take advantage of the conditions. The machine guns bristled. The people had been cowed. Everybody was afraid of everybody else. And everybody was angry and upset and embittered because a son had not been allowed to come to his father's funeral. Every one accused Marie. She had done it. She had agreed to it. She was afraid of Carol.

The day after the funeral, Queen Marie announced that she would go into seclusion, and watch for a while the remains of her beloved husband. And there were photographs already of the Queen in seclusion with the King somewhere in the distance. A few days later some more photographs appeared of the Queen, who had retired to a lonely nunnery with her daughter Ileana, to mourn her beloved husband; photographs in all poses, in all attitudes, in every shade of sorrow and sadness and humility. The acting was not so bad, though it was a little old-fashioned. The whole affair, however, was an insult to human intelligence.

Seldom has the illness of a man been so speculated upon by his wife and those surrounding him. At best, the history of any royal house makes unpleasant reading. The world is lucky that kings and queens have never been examples for their subjects. But to have speculated on the sympathy aroused in foreigners by a traveling queen whose husband dies while she is away from his bedside was a unique Machiavellian invention. That a group of statesmen should prolong the life of a man, suffering the agonies of death, to deflect that sympathy from the Queen is an even more cold-blooded Machiavellianism. To keep the information of the death of the King from the world at large until proper arrangements had been made to safeguard the power of a few men and women, and to make that funeral the occasion to implant, indirectly, a little more bitterness in the hearts of the people against the heir to the throne, was barbarous invention. A suffering body was kept palpitating so that it could be considered techically alive. A dead and decomposing body was being trafficked upon, bundled and huckstered this way and that, for gain, for profit, for political ambition and for the satisfaction of the basest of human instincts. They were all, the government and the royal household, ghouls.

Over this dead body alliances were made and closed. Shtirbey reaffirmed his allegiance and devotion. Bratianu reinforced his promise to keep the Hohenzollerns on the throne as long as they behaved. It was over this dead body that the dowager Queen Marie and the new Queen Mother became friends again. It was to the interest of both to prevent Carol's return. The Princess heiress had become a Queen Mother without ever having been Queen. She was told that she must protect her son against her husband. She had to protect the throne of her son against the desires of her husband. To do that she had to agree with Marie in everything. Carol's mother knew it was imperative that the two unite. They had common interests. Should Helen be good and submissive there would be as many pictures of her in the papers as of King Michael. She would be made popular. She would be made famous.

Carol took advantage of his father's funeral to let the world know that he was no longer so reluctant to occupy the throne as he had been until then. His friends organized special religious services for him in the Greek Orthodox Church of Paris. The former heir to the throne appeared in full military uniform, his medals on his breast, and insignia of his command. A special Te Deum was ordered for the soul of his father. At the end of the services, at the door of the church, in plain view of the multitude, his partisans bowed and kneeled before him and called him, at the top of their voices, "Your Majesty." It mattered little that the Roumanian Parliament had decreed otherwise—it mattered little that Michael had already been declared King and that the oath of allegiance had been given to Michael by the statesmen and the officials of the army. The Carolists, who had not enough courage to seize the reins of power and fight their way to the palace, exhibited enough courage to set up a parallel government in Paris. Carol's entourage addressed him already as "Your Majesty." He was King. The coronation was anticipated.

"Ferdinand's death did one good thing," one of Carol's partisans explained to me in Paris. "It clarified the situation. We know definitely now that Helen is on the side of Marie. That makes one more enemy. Jonel Bratianu is not an old man, but we have talked to

(Please Turn to Page 62)

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of May 9, 1951

Next week's dramatic offerings of the Colossal Motion Picture Chain in its 2,780 theatres will include "A Twin Bedtime Story" (sponsored by the Sleep Institute), "Hamlet" (sponsored by the Danish Pastry Corporation), "The Salesman Billionaire" (sponsored by the Success Correspondence School of Salesmanship) and "Igloo Love" (sponsored by the Universal Refrigerating Co.).

"Exhaustive researches have incontrovertibly shown," said Professor Patoff of the University of Rien, "that the chocolate éclair contains a high content of Vitamins L, M and N."

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Etiquette for Visiting Novelists

(Continued from Page 49)

ation has been explained by Somerset Maugham in the postword to *The Casuarina Tree*. One arrives in a strange place, knowing no one, carrying letters of introduction. One is a fresh face in a place where there are few fresh faces. One is news in a place that has little news. There is little privacy outside large cities. One's movements during one's stay are matters of common knowledge. It is known who are one's friends, what houses one has visited, how one has spent one's time. Every one knows on what material is based whatever one may subsequently write. It is very hard not to cause offence. However fictional the characters of your story may be, local people are going to recognize portraits there.

You write a story, say, in which a doctor figures. There are three doctors in the post that you have used as a background for your story. During your stay there you have met two of them. The one is over sixty; the other in the early thirties. He is tall, handsome, smart. Your hero is forty-three. He is short, bald, stout. But every one will accuse you of having put the younger doctor in your book, because "obviously it couldn't have been old Johnnie." And the younger doctor will shrug his shoulders "That's the return I get for being nice to one of those writing fellows."

It is equally hard, unless one's stories are to take the form of a series of bread-and-butter letters, to avoid causing offence by one's sketching of the background against which one's story moves. Suppose one were to write a novel describing the married life of an English official in the Far East with a young American. The story would have to depend for its drama very largely on the reactions of the American bride to an unfamiliar setting. She would be transported into a strange world. Some of its customs would appeal to her, some would not. The author's picture of those customs would be based on observations drawn when he was receiving hospitality. When his comments were unflattering, or when rather he would make his heroine resent certain conventions, the residents' retort would be: "This man comes out here. We accept him as a friend. We invite him to our house, then he criticises."

In such a story, for example, it would be hardly possible for the heroine not to resent the heavy drinking and late hours in clubs to which women are not admitted. The retort would be: "So he goes back and calls us a lot of drunkards." It is possible that she would feel uneasy with the other women and she might attribute that uneasiness to the fact that many of the women are born more humbly than their husbands. The average Englishman in the East goes abroad when he is young. He loses touch with home. He has few social links by the time of his second leave. He is forced to rely for companionship on chance acquaintances. He is quite likely to marry some girl he meets in a hotel at the seaside. Her social position is a matter of chance. But if the novelist were to suggest that this fact determines social conditions in the Far East he would be told that he had described as ill-bred, hostesses whose hospitality he had accepted. It is scarcely possible to avoid giving offence in some way or another. The things that can be said harmlessly about one's own country and countrymen give offence when said about another. The traveling novelists are few who can look at an atlas without knowing that there is at least one place marked upon its surface to which their return would be unwelcome.

The case of the visitor to a large city is naturally different. New York, Chicago, San Francisco are too large, too varied, too assured to mind very much what people say of them. And in a large city the likelihood of portraits being recognized is slight. But even here the novelist in his capacity as a novelist is forced to do things that he would not do as a private individual; is forced to make use of hospitality for purposes of subsequent comment and comparison. He would prefer to write only what will give pleasure to the people who have been generous to him. But if he is going to make his writing one perpetual bread-and-butter letter, if he is going to fulfill his duty as a guest, he is going to fail in his duty to his public.

The writer is the employee of the public; he is trusted by his public to present to it his particular version of the truth; to write of other countries, as he has written of his own, faithfully, sympathetically, without prejudice; to put on record simply and unaffectedly the thing as he sees it. That is his duty to his public. And it is the peculiar nature of the difficulty of his position that from time to time that duty will be in conflict with his duty as a guest. As Ashenden says in *Cakes and Ale*, "it is very hard to be both a writer and a gentleman."

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The New Books

When a Man Returns

BETWEEN the power to feel and the power to say there is a long way. The recordings of our naturalistic novelists often suggest a superficiality of feeling, as though things so easily fished up could not lie far below the surface. But glibness is not the same thing as that power to express feelings which alone makes them fully felt. The quality which put *All Quiet on the Western Front* among the great war books was not the reporter's gift but the poet's, who experiences in his own heart the joys and sorrows of all men and distills them into words. That same quality marks *The Road Back*, Erich Maria Remarque's new book (Little, Brown, $2.50, publication date, May 11). In it, in the first person, present tense—awkward and usually unconvincing form—a man who has come out of war back into peace tells what such men feel.

The narrative begins with the last days of the German retreat and Armistice, and follows what "is still left of No. 2 Platoon" home. There is first the leaving of that "dreadful homeland" where the still living were separated from the already dead by "a few handfuls of earth . . . . they in the graves, we in the trenches." Then the mad rush for home and the things that peace was to bring, "rich, intense existence . . . . full of life regained." Once home, the platoon broke up into Ludwig, Georg, Adolph, Ernst, separate men, "wanting to start to live." It was cruel, that start: Adolph's wife and the garden he had talked about so much—the wife had finally gotten too lonely; Ernst's all comprehending mother—she had seen the war only as "a pack of wild beasts threatening the life of *her* child;" Ludwig's philosophy and his love; children dead of hunger and want; sweethearts changed; businesses lost; interests no longer vital. And there were the unchanging things, too, the venial, the smug, the self-righteous, the politician and the profiteer, the government which was different but just the same. For awhile No. 2 Platoon tried to fortify itself by the comradeship which had remained, through all disillusions, the only thing in which they believed. But "the things that differentiate are too powerful; the common interest is no longer decisive. It has given place to the interest of the individual." It is the old cry of the returned soldier. During the years when these boys should have been learning to live as independent and responsible men, they were being taught to die as unquestioning automatons. No. 2 Platoon was "not suitable for peace." For a few, there was escape into violence and the violation of pleasure. For the rest, one led a mob that cried for bread and was shot down by his old captain, one, who would have been a teacher, could not teach babies to throw hand-grenades, one cut his wrists because he was no longer clean, one returned to his comrades to die among the crosses "where the war still exists" one sat forever with his head in his hands. They are the "hundreds of thousands of bankrupt men in whom the war destroyed every belief and almost every strength."

THE ROAD BACK
By Erich Maria Remarque

There is nothing in either *All Quiet* or *The Road Back* to suggest that Remarque is a born novelist or that he could deal effectively with a less poignant subject. He sees, feels, reflects and expresses himself like a poet, not like a novelist. Among novelists of the war, he has not the scope of Tomlinson, Ford, Barbusse, Zweig, but is more nearly related to Henry Williamson. I have been told by those who read German that the mystic, nostalgic quality characteristic of German poetic prose is to be found in Remarque's work in the original. This hardly comes through generally in the English version of A. W. Wheen, but some lines, beautiful and strong in their simple rightness, do survive translation. What the translation carries over is the power to move so deeply by transmission of feeling that it provokes first to like feeling and second to reflection on the causes and effects of that feeling. One hears Remarque spoken of as a power for peace. I do not know. I am afraid that *The Road Back* will be less acceptable as a basis for thought than *All Quiet*. It does not lead anywhere. Remarque puts into the mouth of his narrator a final chapter in which Ernst expresses the returned soldier's intention to "fight against the lie, the half truth, the compromise, the old order;" in other words—the war to end war. Sweet words; but they leave a bitter taste.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Flamenco, by Lady Eleanor Smith: Doubleday, Doran. A stormy and bloodcurdling tale of a gipsy child brought up in an English household. Reviewed April 8.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

Ambrose Holt and Family, by Susan Glaspell: Stokes. A tragi-comedy of the conflict between a husband and wife by the author of **Brook Evans.** Reviewed April 22.

Captain Blood Returns, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton Mifflin. Further adventures of Sabatini's handsome and high-minded pirate captain. Reviewed April 29.

Non-Fiction

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to **Boners,** with more of the same.

Green Hell, by Julian Duguid: Century. A story of adventure in the Bolivian jungles more absorbing than most fiction. Reviewed April 22.

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. This exquisite sonnet sequence is the best of all Miss Millay's distinguished work. Reviewed April 29.

Jungle Ways, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt Brace. A highly entertaining and vivid account of native life on Africa's Ivory Coast. Reviewed April 8.

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Who is it that turns good words into catch-words? Who are these generals and statesmen and chauvinists and big-business men who fill the newspapers with their talk? No. 2 Platoon, back home again.

Remarque has put the whole tragedy into one line—"I am conscious of the nameless sadness of Time that runs and runs on and changes, and when a man returns he shall find nothing again."

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"ENGLAND'S CRISIS" by André Siegfried (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3). The witty Frenchman whose *America Comes of Age* was such a gratifying analysis of American civilization, has turned his shrewd and sympathetic gaze on Great Britain. What he sees he sets down, and the result makes painful reading for the denizens of the British Isles. His book is, accordingly, somewhat lacking in historical perspective.

England is in a bad way. She always has been. Her crisis has been going on since Henry the Eighth and there has practically never been a generation which has not seen England on her last legs. She knew unemployment and the dole under the Tudors and after the Napoleonic Wars. She was threatened with national extinction by Spain, Holland, France and Germany. She fought a disastrous civil war once and was for a time a French sphere of influence. She lost practically her entire empire in 1783, and as Mr. Siegfried very shrewdly points out, the roots of her present troubles go back at least as far as 1880.

Her troubles are serious. She "still depends on an economic structure and on methods which often definitely belong to the previous century." She has a million "permanently" unemployed and the dole is a "chloroform policy" which has counteracted "any germ of revolution in the unemployment crisis" by a Roman "bread and circuses" arrangement. Her manufacturing costs are too high, her industry needs to be "rationalized," she is living on her capital, she should not have restored sterling to parity with the dollar, she has lost her naval supremacy to America and the Panama Canal has disrupted her entire control of planetary communications. She is tending to an exclusive "Spanish" type of colonial empire and her Dominions won't help her at all, except sentimentally. She has no more cheap coal and anyhow oil is supplanting coal. And, finally, she tends to blame others for her own faults and to imagine that by some miracle of diplomatic legerdemain she can persuade the rest of the world to adopt policies calculated to put her on her feet again.

It is all very depressing and statistically only too true. M. Siegfried is quite disturbed about it, for he likes the old country and thinks that she ought to be preserved. "The English mind is naturally constructive; it lends itself to coöperation and is essentially loyal." British industry is based on individual initiative and liberty. And now England will have to choose between being an economic part of Europe or throwing in her lot with the Empire, including therein the United States as an equal partner. Yet here M. Siegfried's logic falters, as he admits that, confronted with the choice between Europe and the Empire, "what is much more likely is that England will not choose at all," and anyhow, "When England changes, we say she is dying, and it is never true. The Empire, and the spirit of England on which it thrives, have unlimited powers of adaptation and life."

For neither reason nor logic determine the fate of a great nation like England. There is an element of persistence in human society which is stronger than the brain or the will. We have seen Russia survive calamities of catastrophic intensity and emerge as a new and stronger power than ever. England, with her detachment from the Continent, and with her unequaled tradition of political adaptability, is even now readjusting her economic fortunes to the vital elements of the new post-war world, as neither France—nor even America—has done. England began to support Germany almost from the signature of the Armistice and was the first great power to enter into relations with the Soviets. England is fighting hard for trade and power in Asia and is making mighty efforts in Latin America. England is slow in formulating

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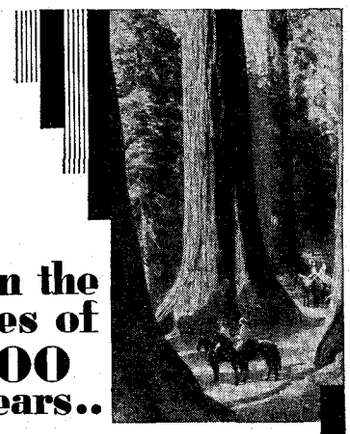

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ideas, but she is swift in action and of the survivors of the World War—we no longer speak of victors—she is most skillfully and masterfully setting her sails to catch the new breezes which are blowing in the world. For England is, par excellence, the international nation; her crisis is the world's crisis, and as the world grows away from the waste and disorganization of the War, the outcome of which was so gratifying to the country which produced the author of this book, the world will find the English forging ahead once more and forgetting the "crisis" which looms so big today but which is only a phase of a critical period which England has been facing for four hundred weary years. J. C.

"National Defense." A Study of the Origins, Results and Prevention of War. By Kirby Page (Farrar & Rinehart, $3). The editor of *The World Tomorrow* has written, from an idealistic viewpoint, one of the most practical accounts of the anatomy of war which has appeared since the Armistice. It is a damning and unanswerable picture of the moral anarchy and intellectual inadequacy sustained by our belligerent international society. Mr. Page himself feels strongly emotional on this subject, but here he has disciplined his emotions to the facts. He centers his studies around the World War, takes it up phase by phase, origins, conduct and aftermath, and quotes extensively from the spokesmen of all nations. Thus it appears that not only did all the nations pray to the same God, but that they had the same ideas, uttered the same complaints, and were sustained by the same sense of justice and superiority. It is appalling and it is true. Not since Ponsonby's *Falsehood in Wartime* have we had anything quite as thorough.

Occasionally Mr. Page repeats himself, or yields to his emotions, but frequently he is merely ironical, as when he inquires: "Is it the presence of British battleships and cruisers that prevents American sailors and marines from looting London?" or "What is more terrible, to mangle and kill one hundred men with a gigantic shell from a distance of twenty miles, or to nail an enemy to a barn door with a bayonet?" For the most part, however, he is coldly factual. The World War, he points out, cost 26,000,000 lives, left 20,000,000 wounded and 27,000,000 uprooted people. Its cost, direct and indirect, was about $337,000,000,000—a sum sufficient to construct a $100,000 hospital in every one of the world's 3,000,000 towns, villages and cities and still leave billions for endowment of research. The war mobilized 70,000,000 men, removed them from productive industry and set them to the service of mutual economic and personal destruction. Even today, he points out that the world's armies, with active reserves, include 30,000,000 men, of whom 6,000,000 are actually under arms, while the world spends about $4,500,000,000 a year on "national defense." Of course, the United States is superior to all this, only—Mr. Page mentions the fact—we have the largest defense budget in the world and, in the first century and a half of our national life, waged forty-eight wars, little and big, with a total length of 79 years. Nor have our wars been primarily domestic. In 115 years we have landed armed forces on foreign soil a hundred different times.

Here is the challenge to the world's intelligence, a practical challenge, practically presented by an internationalist and an idealist. Whether Mr. Page's program for amelioration is well founded is a matter for debate, especially as it includes such perilous doctrine as a recommendation that we recognize the wicked Soviets, but as to the facts which underlie his convictions there can be no two opinions. *National Defense* exposes in all its nakedness the fact, which Edith Cavell knew at the end, that patriotism is not enough. J. C.

"Red Bread" by Maurice Hindus (Cape & Smith, $3.50). The books which Maurice Hindus writes on contemporary Russia have a tang of authenticity denied to those derived from statistics and Moscow. He goes to the Russian village, to the mouzhik, and observes what is happening in peasant Russia, as a key to an understanding of the Bolshevik Revolution. Moreover, he is a native of the Russian village and combines the rôle of a sympathetic observer with that of an expert. His *Humanity Uprooted* is still the classic of the peasant side of the upheaval.

Red Bread is a series of narrative sketches on the subject of the new system of agricultural collectives, the "liquidation" of the kulaks, and the agrarian reformation which is being carried out in the Soviet Union under the impetus of the Communist Party's Five-Year Plan. It is an eye-opener. He observes that the gains are stupendous and that the cost is equally stupendous. His conclusions, however, deserve to be read attentively in the Chicago Wheat Pit and in every department of agriculture in the non-Russian world. They deserve extensive quotation:

"Its (the collective's) overpowering merit is its superiority to Russian individual agriculture as a method of production."

"There are no available statistics on the subject, but personal observation inclines me to the belief that more building has been achieved in the villages in the first year of mass collectivization than in all the preceding years of the Revolution."

"The disappearance of individual ownership of land, the coming of large-scale industrialized farming, the collapse of the village, the rise of rural townships, the growing sophistication of the peasant women and its effect on the

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 54 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

Brentano's, *New York;* Scrantoms, Inc., *Rochester;* Korner & Wood, *Cleveland;* Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, *St. Louis;* Kendrick Bellamy Co., *Denver;* Teolin Pillot Co., *Houston;* Paul Elder & Co., *San Francisco;* Norman Remington Co., *Baltimore;* Emery Bird Thayer, *Kansas City;* Miller's Book Store, *Atlanta;* Bullock's, *Los Angeles;* Stewart Kidd, *Cincinnati;* J. K. Gill Co., *Portland, Oregon;* John Wanamaker, *Philadelphia;* The Old Corner Book Store Inc., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

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nation's birth rate, the collapse of religion and the transformation of the individualistic family—these are the unmistakable guideposts of the approaching civilization of the Russian village. They are rooted in the very principle of the *kolhoz* (collective), and as the *kolhoz* strengthens, they will strengthen."

"The Revolution has indeed enlarged his (the peasant's) appetite for material enjoyment, and the *kolhoz* is destined further to feed this appetite." J. C.

"FLYING Dutchman: The Life of Anthony Fokker" (Holt, $3). Rickenbacker, the famous air-ace, shot down more than one of Germany's Fokker planes; now in this autobiography (in the writing of which Mr. Bruce Gould has lent a hand) Mr. Rickenbacker pays a warm tribute to Fokker as an inspiration to the youth of the world. The War is over, for sure! Fokker, a Dutchman, was making planes in Germany when, as he says, the World War exploded in his face. His inventions had been scorned by Holland, England, Russia and Italy. Naturally, he had taken his ideas to the market for them—Germany. All his life, he admits, he has been something of a lone wolf; he made his success because he was devoted body and soul to the mechanics of air navigation. He is a great inventor, a superb and reckless flyer, a man of exceedingly great resource in solving problems whether of making, improving or selling his planes. What a bold stroke that was, for instance, when after the Versailles Treaty had ordered that his planes in Germany should be destroyed—naming Fokkers alone specifically—he whisked them away before the Allies' eyes! How he did it is something of a mystery, but by money, influence or cunning, Fokker got his six trainloads of planes and accessories over the border into Holland. He was and is dynamic, daring, full of grit and gumption. It must not be supposed that this is a technical book, entirely or mainly. It is easy reading for the non-scientist quite as well as for the aviation expert. It has many touches of liveliness and moves with speed and gusto.

R. D. T.

"VOLUME Two" by Katherine Mayo (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2). In this volume of three hundred pages, Katherine Mayo takes up, again, the subject of child-marriage in India. It appears that following her investigations as recorded in *Mother India* and partly because of the wide discussion of that book, an Age of Consent Committee was appointed by the Government of India to investigate, itself, the status of child-marriage, to report on it and to make recommendations toward legal action. The Committee consisted of nine Indians, six of whom were Hindus, (some of them Brahmins) and three, Muslims, and one English woman doctor. In *Volume Two*, Miss Mayo "digests" the contents of the nine volumes of the Committee's report "in understandable human terms," bringing *Mother India* "up to date." *Volume Two*, although the chapter headings are headliney and calculated to attract, consists almost entirely in individual reports and in statistical notes. The Hindus are apparently a dying race, and the religious and social custom of too early marriage is responsible. The cynic will be disposed to shrug; the Hindu's contributions to philosophy and art were made centuries ago. Miss Mayo's further exploitation of her subject will no doubt interest missionaries, social workers and those whose humanitarian feelings are world-embracing; but it is apt to disappoint the many readers, mostly female, who were enchanted to find, in *Mother India*, erotica disguised as a social document. The arguments for and against the publication of *Mother India* apply to *Volume Two* and need not be gone into again.

F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

THE best historical novel we have read in a long time is Kenneth Roberts' *The Lively Lady*[1], wherein are related the adventures of Richard Nason, of Arundel, Maine, who set out in 1812 in the sloop Lively Lady to harry British shipping on the high seas. He captures prizes, fights, loses one ship and gets another, and is at last captured and sent to Dartmoor Prison, where the last third of his exciting story is acted out for you. The author has humor and a sense of character; he has not spared trouble to make the details of his background correct; but best of all, he can tell a story. This is a long book, but you won't want to lay it aside until you have finished it. ♣ ♣ ♣ In spite of its burlesque elements, and the priggishness of its hero, *The Second Shot*[2] is a very ingenious yarn, and will give you a series of surprises. In the course of the ridiculous acting out of a murder at a houseparty, the pretended victim is really murdered, and several clues pointing to one of the guests, Pinkerton, he calls in Sheringham, a detective with whom you may be familiar, to protect his interests. There are seven suspects, and three successive endings to the story, each of which changes the solution completely. ♣ ♣ ♣ Laurence Meynell has a vivid imagination which, held in leash in the interest of producing a standard thriller, might if given free play splash a wide canvas in a gorgeous design. There are intimations, in the picture of England under proletarian rule in *Storm Against the Wall*[3], of better things. Still, the story of Velox and the little group of faithful men who intrigued against the hunchback, Hauchin, under the shadow of the English Terror, and brought the Queen back to England, is exciting, and their adventures will certainly thrill you $2 worth. WALTER R. BROOKS.

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2. By Anthony Berkeley: Crime Club, $1.00.
3. Lippincott, $2.00.

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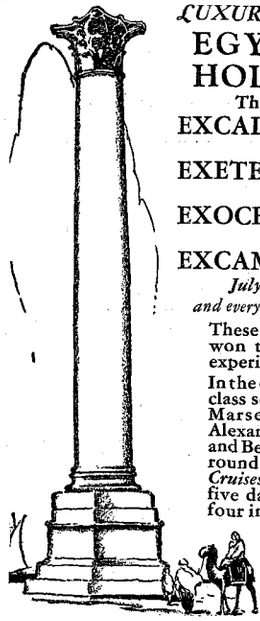

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Music

Notable New Recordings

FOR once there can be no dispute about the justification for the word "notable" at the head of this column. I am just in extremely grateful receipt from the Columbia Company of their glorious albums of the Bayreuth Festival Recordings of Richard Wagner's opera, *Tannhäuser*[1], recorded in the Wagner Theatre, Bayreuth. The orchestra is the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra, under the direction of Karl Elmendorff, who alternated with Toscanini at last year's Festival, and the soloists and chorus are the identical ones who presented the opera then.

The reproduction itself leaves nothing to be desired. The exclusive Columbia process by which surface noise is at a minimum makes the most delicate pianissimo effects possible in the overture without irritating scratch and yet the volume—when volume is called for—is astounding, without a trace of echo or jarring rattle. The recording engineers have also succeeded in placing their microphones so cannily as to allow us to hear soloists, orchestra and chorus in just the right relationship to each other.

Tannhäuser in this form takes up thirty-six twelve inch sides and is put up in two albums. That makes the price of the set come to $36. If that seems high to you, remember that a pair of seats at the Festival itself costs $100, let alone the transportation, and there you will not be able to hear the music a bit better than on these amazing records.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Masterworks Set 154 A/B.

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Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Practically everything that should be said at the expense of Hollywood.
Peter Ibbetson: Dennis King in a good revival of the famous dream play.
Precedent: Dramatic presentation of the record of the Mooney-Billings case.
Private Lives: This most amusing comedy positively closes May 9, worse luck!
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Absorbing, if unpleasant, play with Katharine Cornell brilliant.
The Green Pastures: Now well into its second year and deservedly so.
The Silent Witness: A well-acted crime play that does not insult the intelligence.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson practically the whole of a novel piece.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious work.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce about Long Island. Worth seeing.

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

THREE times we tried to pass the car ahead, and then we gave up, dropped back, and fell to speculating on the peculiar change that comes over a man as soon as he gets behind the wheel of a car. That man ahead, who, though he seemed in no particular hurry, refused to allow us to pass him and go on about our business: to us he seemed merely a rather ordinary sample of humanity, distinguished only by the absence of anything that distinguished him. But to himself, as soon as he had slumped into the driver's seat, he had become as a god,—master over something more swift and powerful than he. If we had both been walking, and we had attempted to pass him, he would not at once have hurried his stride and tried to beat us to the next corner, though to win on foot would be much more of a personal victory; and a foot race would have excited more popular attention and perhaps a few cheers. But something happens to a man when he becomes master of a machine. The weaker the man, the more he is affected by it. The sense of power brings callousness. He takes on something of the nature of the machine; he loses his sense of humor, his humanity, his sympathy—even toward himself. Last summer a man was killed trying to race another on the Albany Post Road. Before he died he regained consciousness just long enough to gasp: "Well, we beat 'em, anyway!" In private life he was probably a fairly kindly and thoughtful citizen. But with a machine as his slave he had become ruthless, even toward himself. And when a weak man becomes ruthless, unpleasant things happen.

There doesn't seem to be any particular conclusion to be drawn from this except that our modern multiplication of machines is putting a lot of power in the hands of weak people. And, what is worse, a sense of power. Automobiles and automatic pistols and—oh yes, typewriters, too, no doubt. Just through pounding out these paragraphs on our machine we have the feeling that we've got ahead of that fellow whose car we couldn't pass. If we can't beat him with one machine, we can with another.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

The urge to travel in foreign climes has been an almost constant visitor these spring days, but with a bank balance that shows only one figure to the left of the decimal point, we have had no choice but to stay at home. This morning, however, reading about that Mrs. Grady who cracked a joke about Stalin and got sent out of Russia, we were smitten with an idea. We're going to crack a joke about Hoover, and see if he won't deport us. Then we'll spend the rest of the spring in Italy and when we're ready to come home we'll make a crack about Mussolini.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Br. Chet Wood evidedly had a cold id his head whed he sed us the followig foreigd political dote:

Alfonso looked into the sky
  And saw a thunder cloud.
He glanced about him what to do
  To save the Spadish Crowd.

Alfonso summoned all his Dons,
  But none could give him aid;
And when the navy failed him too,
  He lost the Crowd of Spaid.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

CANNOT handle myself, want partner with $1,500; proven money making show; handle your own money.—Advertisement in New York *Times*.

We'd rather, under the circumstances.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"Bernard Shaw Sees Women Losing Sex Appeal"—News item.

O Shaw, before me lies a pose—
A photograph of you that shows
  How at the beach, stripped to the skin,
  Knee knocking knee, shin shunning shin,
You stand in bathing-suit expose.
Gaunt, bird-like, peering out from those
Wild fullerbrush moustachios,—
  How like a thin fantastic jinn
    O Shaw!

And we who greet your quick bon mots
With loud ecstatic Ah's and Oh's
  Assume a knowing, skeptic grin
  On reading: "Shaw Says Feminine
Lacks Sex Appeal" . . . . YOU, we suppose—
    Oh pShaw!

MAURICE SAGOFF.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

One thing we noticed about the parading Communists on May Day was that they all had very good shoes.

On the other hand, many of them had no hats at all—or hardly any.

And as a general rule they seem to run smaller than other political parties. Hardly any of them were over five feet seven.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"*Indiscreet*"

JUST as *Heating and Ventilating* keeps steamfitters and metal workers posted on the latest developments in their trade, so do our movies, manufactured especially for the young women of America, keep the girls informed on the latest shop talk about *their* trade — husband-snatching. And since Gloria Swanson is an excellent business woman, her latest film is just another animated Dorothy Dix discussion enlivened by a few glorious Mack Sennett slapstick episodes. Gloria wonders if she should tell her newly discovered dream boy (Ben Lyon) about a previous lover. Could a marriage founded on deceit be a success? Then her little sister takes a fancy to her old lover and she wonders whether she should tell all to save the younger girl? Thrown in for good measure are quantities of showy clothes and modernistic settings. Mr. Ben Lyon, supposedly a successful novelist, seems to me rather offensively coy—but some girls sitting behind me thought he was just lovely.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: The settling of Oklahoma—the best and most exciting of the pioneer films.
Connecticut Yankee: Will Rogers goes back to the sixth century for a stay with King Arthur.
City Streets: Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in a smooth and engrossing gang story.
Dirigible: Go only for the air pictures—the story is feeble.
The Front Page: Explosive drama in the reporters' room in Chicago's city hall.
The Secret Six: Wallace Beery pounding and roaring his way to the top in Chicago's beer industry.
Skippy: Percy Crosby's cartoon characters faithfully and beautifully brought to life. Excellent.
The Millionaire: George Arliss behaving like George Arliss, and not much else.
Tabu: South Sea Islanders in a simple and touching story recorded by the late F. W. Murnau.
Quick Millions: A little demonstration of how racketeers operate on the building trades, the milk industry, etc.

"*Svengali*"

Undoubtedly John Barrymore had a lot of fun acting in this Victorian horror story of the Mephistophelian music master who hypnotizes Trilby, the pretty little artists' model, into being a world-famous concert singer, but I doubt that even his fantastic makeup will fool anybody. Du Maurier's story of *Svengali* belongs back with *Dracula,* wax flowers under glass and plush drapes. When Mr. Barrymore glowers at Trilby I am not scared, only mildly interested. Some of the sets suggest *Caligari,* but *Svengali* as a whole is a pretty phoney piece of work.

"*Tarnished Lady*"

Tallulah Bankhead, a Birmingham, Alabama, girl who has had an outstanding personal success on the London stage in the past few years, has finally come back to America via the movies. While *Tarnished Lady,* for all its glittering array of names, including Clive Brook and Osgood Perkins, is a faltering and never very convincing or interesting film, it does reveal Miss Bankhead as the most notable addition to the screen since Marlene Dietrich landed from Germany. Miss Bankhead is tall, slender, blonde, suggestive of Garbo and distinctly reminiscent of Joan Crawford. She has a fine deep voice and a woman-of-the-world way of exhaling cigarette smoke which will soon be the envy of girls from coast to coast. Also, they tell me, she is a first-rate actress. Unfortunately *Tarnished Lady* is too feeble to give her a chance to act. Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart and George Cukor, who directed the piece, ought to be ashamed, treating a southern lady like this.

"*Seed*"

Charles G. Norris' novel *Seed* was about birth control, but Universal called in a Catholic priest during the filming to give advice, with the result that the film *Seed* has nothing whatever to do either with birth control or the Norris novel. Calling in a Catholic father in such an instance would be like calling in the president of the Atheists' Society when you were making a Bible story. Consequently all we have is a rather dull little movie of the God-how-we-women-suffer school with atrocious performances by John Boles and Lois Wilson. This couple is blessed, or as Mr. Boles thinks, cursed, with five bounding children who make so much noise that he can't be a great author. Then along comes slinky Genevieve Tobin who steals him away and gives him quiet and luxury to work in until, ten years later, he is a rich and famous novelist. And finally he comes back and lures poor Lois Wilson's grown children away with all his money, leaving the poor unhappy woman all alone. At this juncture even the cat jumps to the window and asks to be let out. God, but we men are beasts! An unconvincing reconciliation is indicated at the end.

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▶▶ Oedipus Rex ◀◀

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

FOR its annual Metropolitan Opera House performance the League of Composers selected this year Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Prokofieff's *Pas d'Acier,* two modern works; the former, an adaptation of the Sophocles tragedy for soli, chorus and orchestra; the latter, a piece in ballet form.

The Stravinsky work has, however, little in common with the spirit of the Greek tragedy. Only a small portion of the text is used; that little having been translated first into French and then into Latin, a process whose reason lies far beyond the writer's ken. The omitted portions of the text are summarized by the singular method of being related, in narrative form, by a reader through an amplifier. The principal characters in the piece are represented by large marionettes which are suspended above the chorus.

Experience has taught us to look forward to any stage setting by Robert Edmond Jones with a sure confidence that it will lack neither imagination nor artistic dignity. Those who did not see his setting of Loomis's *Yolanda of Cyprus* last season missed one of the crowning achievements in modern stagecraft. His *Green Pastures* is, of course, familiar to us all. In this case he has done all that was possible. If the result had a somewhat "arty" character, it was in thorough keeping with the revamping process to which Sophocles had been subjected; if the effects did not always sound the stark and elemental Greek note, they were, at least, very fine indeed; notably the magnificent tableau on which the curtain rises. The marionettes, too, were, in design and management, as dramatically effective as the premises would allow.

To write music to such a tragedy in its original form would require a modern composer with the direct and forceful genius of a Bach; and, even in its present form, the canvas is too vast for a musician of Stravinsky's caliber. In one or two places, such as the final chorus, he has come very near success, because, for the moment, he has ceased to think about style and has merely written music. But, for the most part, we have the later, poorer Stravinsky, who writes in deliberately chosen periodic molds, much as one would decorate one room in the Queen Anne period and another in the Georgian. In this work, he seems, at times, to shift from one style to another, with the result that his music conveys none of that sense of homogeneity which is the first and vital essential of a great work. Also, in none of the styles which he uses does he compass the invention of thematic material adequate for forming a firm foundation for his musical tissue. All in all, then, and in spite of the grandeur of its subject, the piece appears to the writer to possess but little ultimate importance.

The performance was a fine one. All the principal rôles were well and competently sung. The Harvard Glee Club, which is gaining an enviable reputation, sang the exacting choral passages with admirable tone quality and impeccable precision. Mr. Stokowski managed to extract from the score its last ounce of effectiveness and dramatic potency.

PROKOFIEFF'S *Pas d'Acier,* oddly translated in the program as "The Age of Steel," turned out, unhappily, to be "just another of those things"—an inferior example of a style already grown stereotyped. It is, in fact, a bit puzzling that it was ever selected. The composer, it is true, has been in the public eye—chiefly as creating that type of music which enterprising conductors try persistently but vainly to launch successfully upon a long-suffering public. *Pas d'Acier* is a shoddy work. As far as one can gather, it appears to be an attempt to express the doctrines of Messrs. Marx and Lenin through the agency of the slapstick. The staging was distinctly tawdry; so were the costumes: one of the latter, by the way, portrayed the well-known figure of an aged billionaire clad in the altogether, save for a silk hat and a kind of crinoline. The dancing was ordinary and somewhat trite.

To give due credit to the piece, it must be said that it attained a really high level of imbecility; greatly aided in this achievement by the concomitant noises in the orchestra, which emitted sounds varying in quality from the moans of a wounded lap-dog to the more strident self-expression of an exasperated hen. Throughout the work, the kettledrums received remorseless castigation—doubtless richly deserved. To all these noises the program, with native courtesy, applied the name of "music." Some of the audience, too, seemed to take the piece in earnest. P. T. Barnum was right!

Calvin Coolidge—Scribbler

(Continued from Page 48)

ever guessed that life was like that.

Like Keats, like Shakespeare, like Euripides, like Shelley, like Browning—all five of whom he otherwise very slightly resembles—Mr. Coolidge has had to bear the malicious flings and jeers of those who (like me) do not appreciate his art. Perhaps the thought of two dollars a word has solaced him of late; but in the beginning of his literary career that solace was denied him. It was in those days that the New York *World* described Mr. Coolidge's writing as "vague to the point of sheer unintelligibility." Another critic, in a godless weekly called the *New Republic,* once described the Cosmopolitan's first Coolidge article as "turgid and platitudinous."

"Without the glamour of the position into which he was accidentally thrust," went on this shameless wretch, "he might have peddled his literary wares to every editorial office in the country without a nibble. . . . It is obvious that what Mr. Coolidge is selling is not himself, but the factitious glitter of the presidency."

IT HAS sometimes been said that Mr. Coolidge lacks imagination, but those who hold this view have surely forgotten his statements on business conditions and prosperity in 1927 and 1928. Where the ordinary writer would have dealt in facts, figures, graphs, and statistics, Mr. Coolidge approached this technical subject with a touch of light and airy fantasy which showed him to be no ordinary economic thinker. It is not too much to say that never before had there been so much poetry in such discussion, nor a finer imaginative superiority to the dull world of everyday.

The President's reports showed, it was reported in February, 1928, "that business has no falling off such as to indicate a lack of prosperity." As late as October, 1928, the President had been "led to believe the country is on a basis that cannot be easily disturbed," and also that "business is on a stable, prosperous basis." So run the dispatches of the New York *Times,* never contradicted and obviously authorized summaries.

Of course, there are ghost stories floating about. Malicious persons can be found who hint that in his literary lucubrations Mr. Coolidge has not been without spiritual assistance; that like other great men who have suddenly gone literary, there has been psychic aid, whether through the ouija board or through the typewriter of a professional

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ghost-writer. Indeed, Mr. Coolidge's economic statements would be easier to understand if they really had come through the ouija board. So annoyed was the *Cosmopolitan's* editor when this rumor got about concerning the articles which Mr. Coolidge wrote for him, that he went to the trouble of making affidavit that "to the best of my knowledge and belief every line of the manuscripts by Calvin Coolidge which have been delivered to me by the ex-President and which have been published in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* were written by Mr. Coolidge himself. In fact, from my personal knowledge I am able to state that neither of his secretaries knew of the existence of the manuscripts until they were completed. Mr. Coolidge prepared them in longhand and then dictated them to his personal stenographer."

BUT why should Mr. Coolidge be suspected of using a ghost? Who, if hiring a ghost at all, would choose a ghost that does such ghastly work?

Full and probably veracious chronicles exist setting forth the daily routine of manufacturing the syndicated paragraphs which are read reverently at millions of breakfast tables every morning. The ex-President arrives at his old law office about nine o'clock, regularly. He goes over the mail and reads several newspapers. Then, in careful longhand, he writes out his daily stint of not less than a hundred and fifty and not more than two hundred words. Within these limits, Mr. Coolidge gets two dollars a word; but the punctuation is understood to be free. Perhaps that is why there is so little of it.

Sometimes, in a burst of generosity, he writes more than two hundred words, the excess without pay—but not very often. The finished manuscript is typed, revised, and dispatched about noon. In the afternoon, Mr. Coolidge plans the next day's two hundred words. Thus goes the tale of what an unfriendly critic once called "syndicatin' Calvin and his straight face stuff." It is an arduous career.

The themes are sometimes bizarre, and so is Mr. Coolidge's judgment of news values. With the Spanish throne toppling, Nicaragua in ferment, and Honduras in the throes of revolution, he chose to write on college education. On the day when the Republican state chairman appealed to Washington for aid in the New York municipal inquiry; when a prison riot was under investigation in Illinois and a second riot was in prospect; when the League of Nations was struggling to bring about a tariff truce; when there was a cabinet crisis in Eng-

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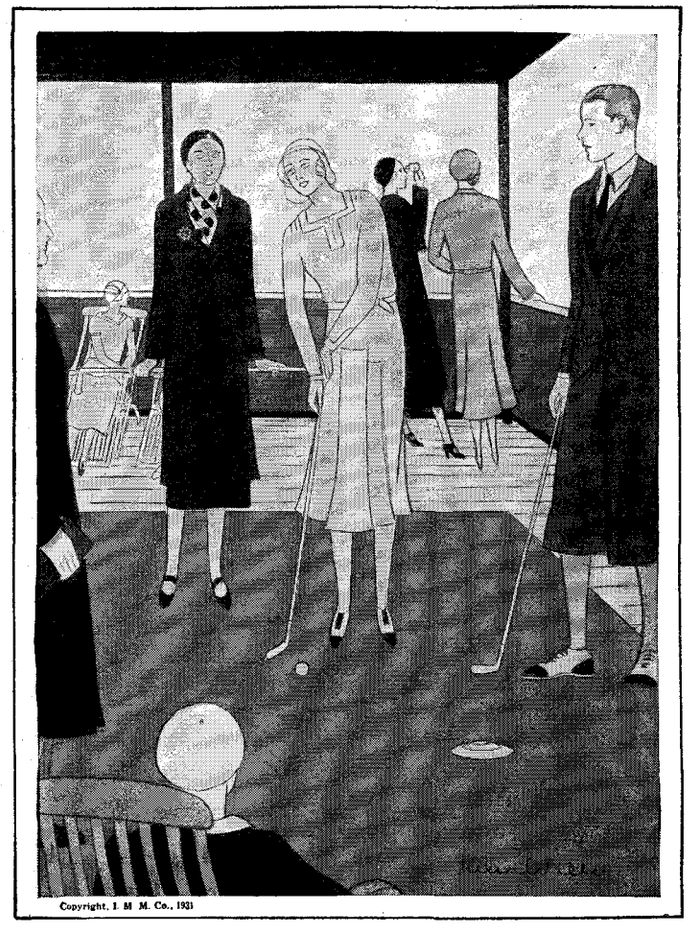
Pictorial impressions by Helen Wills



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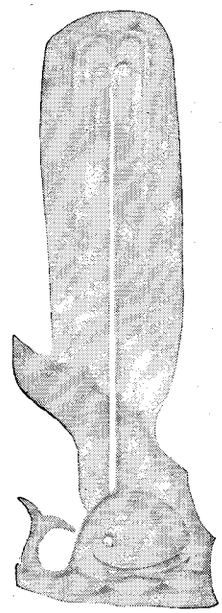
Helen Wills, a passenger on the White Star liner Majestic *last summer, illustrated the incidents which impressed her. This is one of a series.*

. . .

Her comment:
"*The young lady is playing a favorite game on shipboard —deck golf. At the same time she is enjoying the sunshine and fresh sea air.*"

Helen Wills

SAILING WITH THE SMART WORLD . . .



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land; and when five powers were ensnarled in the perplexities of naval disarmament—Mr. Coolidge chose to reveal the hitherto unsuspected fact that "the seventeenth day of March will be celebrated all over the world by those who cherish the Emerald Isle as the place of their ancestral origin." Nay, more, "millions of devoted men and women will wear some green emblem in honor of Saint Patrick." And do you know who Saint Patrick was? "The patron saint of Ireland."

The day after this enlightening observation, Mr. Coolidge contributed another: "The people at large have a great interest in economy in public expenditures." Other stupendous truths adduced about this time were that "it is always easy to become impatient with the prolonged debates of the Senate," and the further information: "Every one knows that the government is not perfect." There were those of us who suspected as much during the oil scandals.

It was about this time also that Mr. Coolidge wrote his prosy little poem about spring and maple sugar and sap rising to the top. The allusions to the sugaring season in Vermont were understood to be autobiographical.

Glittering as are the literary heights which ex-President Coolidge has scaled, there are others still more dazzling. As a columnist, Mr. Coolidge is surpassed by a former vaudeville clown (Will Rogers) and by a Hearst editor (Arthur Brisbane). The facts of the case are stated by that lively weekly, *Variety*, under the succinct heading, "Cal's No. 3 on Soft Jobs."

According to this account, Mr. Brisbane, who has been "tapping the oracle longer than Cal," is credited with an annual income of $250,000 a year for the column which he is said to dictate into a recording machine, whence a secretary copies it. Will Rogers's daily wisecrack is credited with an earning power of $3,000 a week. Mr. Coolidge comes third among these distinguished literary figures and leaders of public thought. He averages about $2,400 a week. At varying distances down this cold cash Parnassus, trail O. O. McIntyre, Walter Winchell, and Heywood Broun, who naturally draws a lower rating because he can write.

MR. COOLIDGE has himself described his literary labors while in the Presidency. He assures his former subjects that "My Annual Message" (with capitals) would be about 12,000 words, "my speeches" (without capitals) a little over 3,000. "In the course of the year the entire number reaches about twenty, which probably represents an output of at least 75,000 words."

Thus, by Mr. Coolidge's own pen, is demolished the legend of the strong, silent man in the White House. But even this confession of loquacity (75,000 words make a fair-sized book) does not tell all. It does not accord with the unkind researches of the keenly critical Charles Merz, who was once cruel enough to compile statistics of the Coolidge utterances, oral and written. These show a total of 8,688 words a month into the microphone; seventy-five public addresses a year, one of which exceeded by 800 words the Constitution of the United States; sixty statements, messages to public meetings, or letters to the press; and, before the untimely demise of the White House Spokesman, 176 statements by that useful unofficial.

"Silent?" asks the unfeeling skeptics. "So is the radio."

Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 52)

physicians who have had him under their care for a long time. Those physicians have informed us that his laziness is only an outward symptom, that there are physical causes behind that laziness. He won't live much longer. Upon his death, his brother, Vintila Bratianu, will take over the Liberal Party and make himself premier. But Vintila is a weak man and a fool. Six months or a year after Vintila makes himself premier the Peasant Party will wrench the power from him. Vintila is neither as ruthless nor as intelligent as his brother. With the Peasant Party in power, our road will be smoothed."

The prophecy was perfect in every detail. Carol is on the throne.

DEEPLY wounded because she had not been included in the regency that was formed while King Ferdinand was still alive, Queen Marie began to lay her plans to force her way into that body which had been constituted to rule Roumania after the King's death, and until little Michael's majority. Unable to say anything derogatory about the two older members of the regency, chief of the Greek Orthodox Church and chief of the Supreme Court, Marie very carefully and gingerly, as is her wont, let it be known that Prince Nicholas, the third regent, never did anything without her consent; that he was too frivolous to burden himself with such obligations unless she promised to relieve him of the responsibility.

Meanwhile, Helen, the Queen Mother, was beginning to feel a little more like herself. The years she had spent in the palace beside these extremely wilful women, Queen Marie and her daughters, had been very disheartening. These years had taken away her spirit. Had Carol shown any love or consideration for her, or had he at any time taken her part in the petty quarrels and jealousies that arose between the women, she would not have suffered so many humiliations. Quite naturally, though so much antagonized by his mother and by his sisters, Carol took their side against his wife whenever an occasion arose.

The family reasoned that after all Helen was a rank outsider. The political reasons for which Carol had been made to marry her no longer existed. She was politically of no importance whatsoever. She was colorless and without any temperament. It was too bad that she still hung about the stage. She had no rôle in the new play. But when an act of Parliament made her little son the future King, and she had been elevated above the rank of the other women in the royal household, Helen began to show that she had a will of her own. Queen Marie, who had never given her a thought, realized that she would have to reckon with her in any of her future battles. Until then Marie had acted as if Michael was her own youngest son, by proxy. Indeed, it was said that the men who married Marie's daughters never had wives; they were married to the Queen's daughters and were her husbands by proxy.

Marie suddenly saw a new enemy looming upon the horizon; saw that in the event of her own husband's death, Helen, the mother of the young King, might play a more important rôle than she would herself. There was already a new clique in the palace, Helen's clique. Courtiers and politicians who hadn't given Helen a thought till then began to want to be seen by her. That was always the way intrigues began.

Forthwith gossips began to spread the rumor that little Michael was not a

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normal child, that he was deaf and dumb and that his mentality was below normal even at that early age. In Paris, Carol, who seemed at that time completely detached from anything that concerned Roumania, realized what these rumors meant and went to a great deal of trouble to deny them. He assured the press and the world that the rumors were lies; that his son Michael was more than a normal child and was neither deaf nor dumb. Yet the rumors persisted and became precise.

And then Queen Mother Helen, in despair, seeing what was being done to prevent her son from ever walking up the steps to the throne, devised a plan to prove to the world that her son was neither deaf nor dumb nor half-witted. She organized a grand reception in her private rooms while Queen Marie was away on one of her frequent jaunts to the Black Sea. People from all walks of life, and local and foreign newspaper men, were invited to that reception. After tea had been served, little Michael appeared in the reception room and greeted all the guests loudly, and shook hands all around.

"How do you do? *Comment ça va?* How do you do?"

Much to the surprise of most of the guests, the child chattered with them, as children will, and answered quickly and intelligently all the questions put to him. The more skeptical guests questioned the child quite closely. He answered cleverly. He was only five, but he already knew the alphabet and the figures. When his governess had led the little prince out of the room, his mother wept and said to the guests, "And here, my friends, you have seen the deaf mute and the half-idiot."

Queen Marie was furious when she heard what had occurred. She came to the conclusion that Helen had the possibilities of either a dangerous enemy or a powerful ally. Helen became both. When it was convenient she allied herself with Marie; otherwise there was no love lost between the two. Helen wanted her son to be King.

Next week Mr. Bercovici tells of the chaos in Roumania after Ferdinand's death. Jonel Bratianu died suddenly. Vintila Bratianu's ministry collapsed. Shtirbey began new intrigues. The power of Queen Marie was waning rapidly and the demand for the return of Carol was growing apace in the midst of a whirlwind of intrigue, which is vividly described by Mr. Bercovici next week.

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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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